GENERAL LIBRARY,
UNIV. OF MICH.
OCT 1898

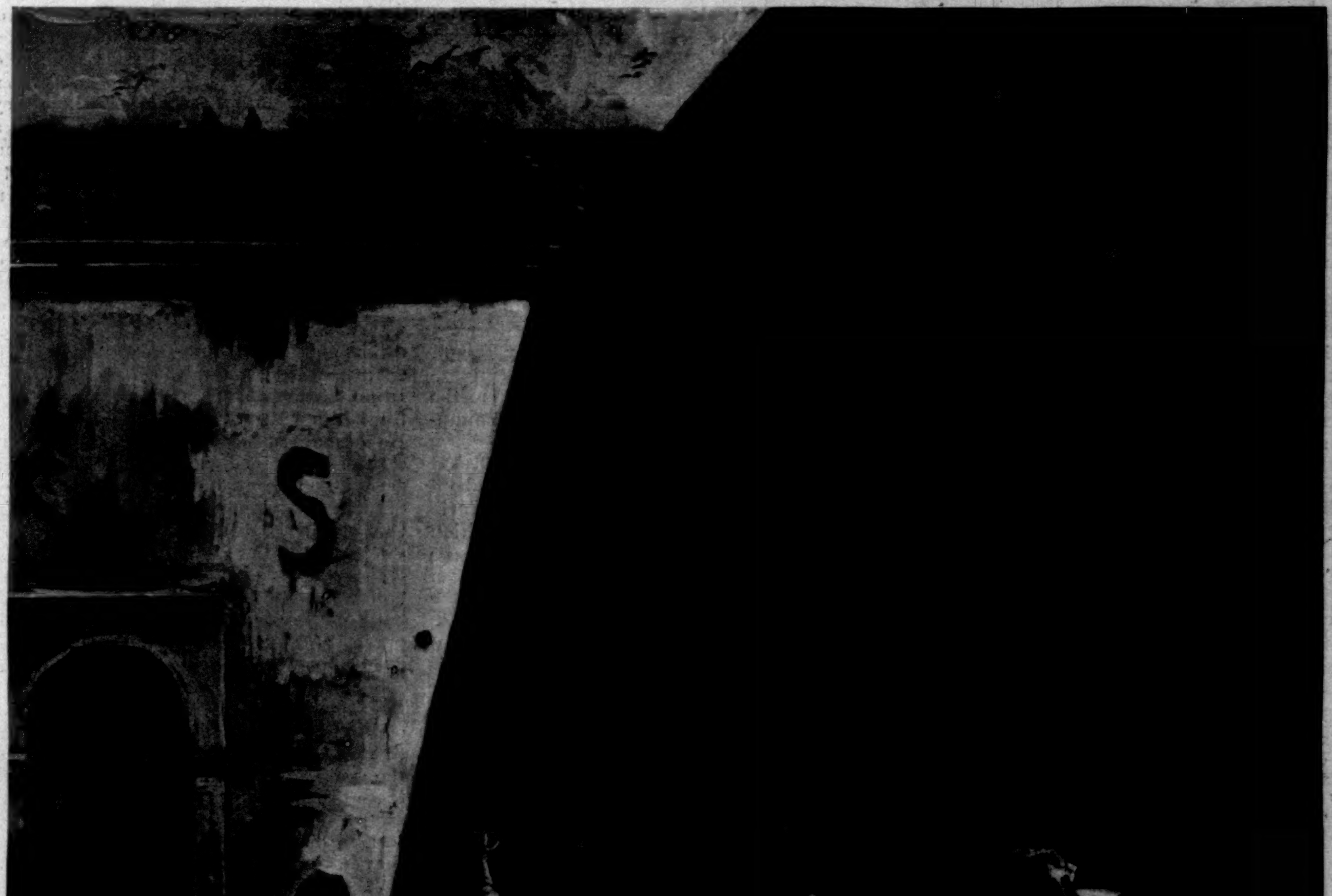
HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLII.—NO. 2184.
Copyright, 1898, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1898.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



IN A PUERTO RICAN PRISON.

SHOWING SPANISH PRISONERS AND A FEW AMERICAN "MISCONDUCTS."

ONE OF THE DIFFICULT PROBLEMS CONFRONTING THE UNITED STATES IN ITS ADMINISTRATION OF ITS NEW POSSESSIONS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

New York City, October 29, 1898

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy — $4 00 a Year, in Advance
Postage free to all Subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico
Subscriptions may begin with any Number

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS
New York City: Franklin Square
London: 45 Albemarle Street, W.

Also for sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris

It will be regrettable if the silver Democrats of this State do not finally succeed in getting their ticket printed on the official ballot. It is charged that the necessary petitions to that end were not filed because one of them was destroyed in the office of David B. Hill. It is decidedly for the interests of the cause of sound money that the full silver vote of this State should be polled. Nothing could more seriously disconcert the politicians who now believe in the cause of free silver.

Mr. Croker denounces the article by Mr. Franklin Matthews on "'Wide-Open' New York," which appeared in the last issue of Harper's Weekly, as "absolutely false in every particular." Now there are several particulars in which every one knows it is not false. The first is that Tammany rules the city; the second is that Croker rules Tammany; the third is that New York is wide open. These facts being known, as they are, Mr. Croker will find it difficult to make people believe that the purveyors of vice are not paying for the privilege of violating the law, and that this state of affairs is not made possible by his rule.

We have spoken elsewhere of the difficulty of determining Mr. McKinley's position on the expansion policy from his speeches in the West; but he made a speech at a dinner in Chicago on Wednesday night of last week in which he used this sentence:

> The war with Spain was undertaken not that the United States should increase its territory, but that the oppression at our very door should cease. This noble sentiment must continue to animate us, and we must give to the world full demonstration of the sincerity of our purpose.

The expansionists have not received a more direct repulse than this. The President in these words has pronounced against them, and has declared that the nation will be dishonored by the adoption of their views.

Mr. Roosevelt declares that a vote against him will be a vote against expansion. People who wish to vote for Mr. Roosevelt on rational grounds need not be disturbed by this. Their votes will not count for expansion, but in favor of an honest State administration and an independent judiciary.

The Republican party and the sound-money Democrats both should rejoice in the fact that the National Democratic organization is to be maintained. The national committee of the party has issued an address announcing that they propose that the party which nominated Palmer and Buckner in 1896 shall remain a political organization for the purpose of combating the free silver heresy, and for maintaining the effort to secure freer trade. Such an organization is absolutely essential as a refuge for those who cannot accept either Bryanism or Dingleyism.

We do not know exactly, from his speeches made during his tour through the West, whether or not Mr. McKinley has come to the conclusion that we must take all the Philippines. In his general terms he often used phrases that are employed by the expansionists. He talked about the "fruits of our conquest" as if they imposed some obligations upon us that did not exist before the war, and as if we were bound to extend the blessings of humanity wherever we thought they were lacking. There is room to hope, however, that he has not yet become an expansionist; and in this, if the hope is justified, we are quite sure that he will be sustained by public opinion, if time is given public opinion to form itself definitely on this subject. We are sure, in other words, that the drift of public opinion is against the taking of the Philippines, and we are glad to see that the Peace Commissioners at Paris are denying that we intend to exercise sovereignty in Cuba. This looks as if it were the intention of the administration to keep the promise of the declaration of war, and therefore it is much more significant than the general expressions of the President, who naturally desires to avoid committing himself on a grave issue during a friendly call at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition at Omaha, and at other places on his route.

Major Marchand and his five companions are, it is said, at Fashoda still. What they are doing there is not very clear, but the fact that they have not taken their passage by a Nile boat for Cairo appears to give much satisfaction to the Parisian press, which clings to the hope that they will not only be brought down, free of expense, by Great Britain, but that she will be prepared to pay something to get rid of them. French sentiment on most questions where the honor of the nation is concerned is an article so fearfully and wonderfully made that few of its developments need surprise anybody, but this open chaffering for a trifle in hand, as a salve to the honor of France, has something about it almost too suggestive of the shop. The precedent, however, is a thoroughly bad one, and we cannot but hope that Lord Salisbury, under the threat of the national displeasure of Great Britain, will stand to his original and common-sense position in the matter. Put into plain English, the Marchand expedition was one of two things; either it was an exploration for purposes of science, like Stanley's—and in that case it can have no political significance whatever—or it was a deliberately planned filibustering expedition, aimed at secretly getting possession of territory claimed by Egypt, and at the very time in process of being forcibly reclaimed on her behalf by England. Where the honor of France comes in seems more of a conundrum than a question of state.

It would almost seem as if something was about to come of the concert of Europe at last. The Turkish soldiers, after one more little playful exhibition of their propensity for killing people in Crete, are about to go. It was time; but then it has been universally admitted by everybody, except the Turks themselves and the Emperor William, to be sure, that it was time years ago. It was perhaps fortunate that on this last occasion they made the mistake of murdering a British consular officer and shooting several British marines. England might go a long way in condoning little things like killing Cretans who chanced to be Christians, but to put a bullet into a British subject is a very different matter, and if he chanced to be a consular official in addition, something was bound to be done, whether the concert of Europe was agreeable or not. It is possible that, after all, this Cretan business may lead to some good results apart from anything it does to improve the condition of the Cretans themselves. If it only convinces European diplomatists that they have not yet reached the height of civilization necessary to bring about any effective concert whatever, it will have assisted in getting rid of one of the most remarkable shams which has disgraced modern civilization. Had England had the good sense to take the bull by the horns two years ago, and to insist on the withdrawal of the Turks from the island in favor of such a government as the Cretans might select, it is pretty safe to say that she would have come out of the matter with more credit and probably with no more expense than she has to-day.

The election of Theodore Roosevelt to the Governorship of the State of New York ought to be desired, it seems to us, by all good citizens. We have nothing to urge against Mr. Van Wyck personally, except that he is willing to take a nomination from Richard Croker, and is presumably willing to act as Croker commands should the people elect him to the Governorship. It may be answered that Platt is as much a boss as Croker, and as bad a one. Perhaps he is; but just at present he is not so dangerous, because he has not yet had the temerity to try to bring the judiciary of the State under the rule of the machine. The judiciary is now the sole resort of honest people, and good men ought to fight for the maintenance of its integrity. Besides, Mr. Roosevelt is not only an honest man, but he promises in his speeches to administer the affairs of the State without regard to party or bosses, and to give us good government so far as it is in the power of the chief magistrate of the State to control its executive and administrative business. Mr. Roosevelt will pursue canal thieves quite as vigorously as Van Wyck, and will endeavor to secure their punishment, if he finds them guilty, with quite as little consideration for the fact that they may be Republicans. What we want at the head of the affairs of this State is an honest and intelligent executive, and that we know Mr. Roosevelt to be. We are not supporting him because he was a Rough Rider, or because he went to the war at all, or because he has notions about expansion, which we regard as infantile, but because, notwithstanding this last serious blemish upon his character as a public man, we believe that the affairs of the State will be not only honestly but intelligently administered by him, because he knows what the State needs, and not only knows a thief when he sees him, but hates him because he is a thief.

Governor Tanner of Illinois is the product of political conditions that are becoming too prevalent in this country. A few years ago no existing machine in the Middle West, except possibly Ohio, would have dared to nominate such a man as Tanner for a great political office. Now he is actually Governor of one of the largest States in the Union. Whether he be corrupt or not, he is the product of corrupt conditions; and that he is ignorant and lawless are facts known to the world. Under the law the mine-owners at Virden had a perfect right to find their labor where they could. They may have been oppressive and unjust to their employees, but that is not a question which the Governor of the State had a right to determine or to act upon. The men who were employed and came to operate the mines have the right to be treated as citizens wherever they go in this country, because the Constitution of the United States declares that they, being citizens of Alabama, shall have the right of citizenship everywhere. The owners of the mines had the right to call upon the Governor to protect their property against violence, and the negroes who went to Illinois for employment had the right to demand from him protection for their lives and persons. He announced that he would not protect the property of the mine-owners, and that he would not permit the negroes to enter the State for the purpose of finding employment. In doing so he defied the Constitution and laws of the country, he violated the laws of his own State, and he broke his oath of office. He is not only a disgrace to American politics and to the high position which he holds, but to American citizenship. Similar, if not so grave, political conditions as those which produced Tanner in Illinois exist in other States. The efforts of good men throughout the country for some years have been directed to putting an end to this state of things by educating the people to a comprehension of its evils and by arousing the public conscience. Our expansionists call these things "parochial politics," but whether they are parochial or not they are essential to our comfort, to our credit in the world, and now at last they have been shown to be essential to the preservation of our institutions.

Spain holds out for the assumption of her Cuban debt by the United States, and is rather more inclined to insist on money relief than on the retention of territory, if the reports in the daily newspapers from Paris are to be credited. The debt was largely incurred by Spain for the purpose of putting down the insurrection against her rule in the island. If the United States is intervening simply to relieve the island from her rule, there is no reason in the world why we should repay the debt which has been incurred in aid of the oppressions which Spain has practised, and which have resulted in her final overthrow. If it were clear to the minds of Europe that our intervention was purely in the interest of the Cubans, Spain would not have a friend on the continent in support of her contention that we should assume her own obligations, and we are glad to see that the commissioners are so far fulfilling the promise made in our declaration of war that it was not to be a war of conquest as to insist that the United States does not propose to exercise sovereignty over Cuba. But the suspicion heretofore entertained that we intend to keep the island gave some support to the claim which the Spanish commissioners have made. The claim cannot possibly be complied with. If we finally keep the island it must be on the ground that the Cubans cannot establish a proper government, and therefore that we are forced to assume the task for which they are not prepared. We certainly have not incurred the horrors and hardships of war for the purpose of buying Cuba, and it is preposterous for Spain and her friends to assume that her defeat will relieve her from meeting obligations which are due from her to those who were foolish enough to lend her money to carry on a hopeless war. She incurred the obligations in aid of her effort to conquer Cuba, and she cannot ask us to assume them as a part of the responsibilities of sovereignty, since, when they were incurred, the sovereignty clearly rested in her. If her commissioners could succeed in extracting a promise from the United States government of the payment of the public debt, her defeat would turn out to be a very profitable one for her; for our retention of the island would not only relieve her of a debt, but would save her a large annual sum, the revenues that she has received from the island of late being considerably less than the government has cost her.

THE PROBLEMS OF THE INTER-OCEANIC CANAL.

ONE of the national projects of the immediate future which may be regarded as reasonably certain is the construction of a ship-canal through Central America. A large number of the State conventions of both parties have inserted in their platforms declarations in favor of this work, and have announced that the general government ought to undertake it. The importance of the project cannot be overestimated. The commerce of the Gulf States and of the Pacific coast would be especially benefited, while, in view of our new national responsibilities in the Pacific, it is eminently wise that we should see to it that a shorter passage be established for our vessels of war between the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards. The long and anxious voyage of the *Oregon* is properly pointed to as a warning against the continuation of existing physical conditions if these conditions can be bettered.

We have heretofore been of the opinion that national money aid to the canal enterprise would be of doubtful propriety—perhaps of doubtful constitutionality. So long as the canal was proposed merely in the interests of commerce, and so long as the government was approached on the plea that its investment in the stock of a canal company, or its guarantee of the bonds of the corporation, would be safe and might be profitable, the inevitable answer was that if the plea were true, private capital would undoubtedly build the canal, and would build it cheaper and manage it more economically and efficiently than the government would. Moreover, we are opposed in this as in other efforts to the practice of wringing money from the taxpayers for the profit of private citizens. But the question becomes different, as many questions will become, now that we are a colonial power, already possessing Hawaii, which vastly weakens us by the extension of our frontier, and by the pushing of it into a region remote from our mainland, where hostilities are always imminent. We are now much more vulnerable than we were a year ago, as Admiral Colomb has already pointed out in the *North American Review;* and since we have thus exposed ourselves and rendered necessary the maintenance of a more formidable fleet than we have hitherto needed, we must assume other charges; and, among other things, we must probably pay, in whole or in part, for the construction of an interoceanic canal.

Hitherto it has been assumed that the only practicable route for a canal was across Nicaragua. The French had undertaken to build a canal at Panama, but had retired, baffled by the tumultuous Chagres River, the unhappy experiment producing a crop of scandals affecting French public men which made even the corruptions of the Second Empire hang their diminished heads. Nicaragua was not only thought to be the most practicable route, but concessions had been granted by the government of Nicaragua, and eminent statesmen and ex-statesmen of our own country had embarked in the project, and had expended large sums of money in preliminary work. Quite as important as any other consideration was the fact that under the Clayton-Bulwer treaty this country and England had guaranteed the neutrality of the canal. It is true that our own Jingoes are now reviving an old contention, and are insisting that the treaty has become void by reason of Great Britain's breach of one of its provisions, but it is sincerely to be hoped, if a waterway is built, that it will be treated as part of the high seas.

While it is true that it has been assumed that the Nicaragua route is the one to be adopted, no satisfactory report has yet been made on the engineering problems involved, or as to the cost of the work, or, generally, as to the promise of the undertaking, or the possibility of maintaining the canal after completion at a reasonable cost. The enterprise is more or less involved in mystery, some of which may be cleared up by the forth-coming report of the Walker commission; although, from the views expressed by members of it before the Senate select committee last June, some of the serious problems which presented themselves to the Ludlow commission, whose report was distinctly unfavorable to the Nicaragua project, are still considered grave, and no solution of them has occurred to the new commission. After many years of investigation, including surveys by many different engineers and commissions, it is still uncertain if the canal can be constructed and properly maintained at a cost which would make it economically possible. All estimates as to the cost of the work are untrustworthy, expert opinion—or rather guessing—ranging from $100,000,000 to an indefinite but very much larger sum. Certainly if Congress is to authorize the expenditure of millions of the public moneys on this project it can only be after still further investigation, and a much more definite report and set of estimates than have yet been made.

To add to the confusion of mind, or to increase the already existing doubt as to the advisability of the Nicaragua route, now comes General Henry L. Abbot, one of the recognized authorities of the engineer corps of the army. In association with a number of engineers—French, German, English, and American, including the chief engineers of the Manchester and Kiel ship-canals—General Abbot last spring visited the Panama Canal route, and he has come to the conclusion that this route is not only practicable, but that it is much the better of the two. He says that his judgment is "in some degree assisted by having formerly traversed Nicaragua." Not only does he think that the route is practicable and best, but he and his associates of the technical commission have made a plan for the completion of the canal. The revival of this old route as a practicable one will astonish a good many persons who have supposed that Panama was abandoned when the French government dropped it. But it seems that a company was formed in 1894, which has since been pushing the work of investigation, and is ready to complete the work, the result of the investigation being that its engineers believe that they have solved the problem which baffled de Lesseps and his predecessors.

In brief, the great problems of the Chagres River and of the climate have been theoretically, at least, overcome. The old plan of building the canal along the bed of the torrential stream which has already swept away so much human labor has been abandoned, and General Abbot says that the stream is to be mastered by a perfectly practicable series of locks. This route possesses a decided advantage in two deep-water harbors at the termini of the canal, and in the railroad which runs alongside it for its whole length. On the Nicaragua route it will be necessary to build about one hundred and twenty miles of railway, mostly through a wilderness. Besides, two ports at the termini must be constructed; and the experiment in making an artificial harbor at Greytown has not been successful.

This is what General Abbot says of the Nicaragua route:

> About 120 miles of railroad must be built, mostly traversing a wilderness. Almost nothing has been done in the way of construction or of preparation for the work. Of the whole length of 176 miles, 68 miles follow the bed of a crooked river, where the prevailing trade-winds and the currents resulting from the whole outflow of Lake Nicaragua will unite to aggravate the difficulties of shipping in transit. The length of the route is about four times that of the Panama Canal, adding proportionately to the time of passage. Finally, at least one dam is demanded, quite without precedent in our canal construction, besides several miles of huge embankments in the San Francisco basin, where the foundations are extremely bad, and where a rupture at any future time would entail veritable disasters.

He adds that the annual rainfall in Panama is much less than in Nicaragua, being 93 inches as against 256 inches, and concludes that—

> To the general relative merits of the two canals already considered must be added that the Panama route lies in the interior of Colombia, while that by Nicaragua lies near the Costa-Rican boundary, where hostilities are liable at any time to cause difficulties, as they already have done during the canal examination by the Walker commission last spring. Also, that in respect to danger from possible earthquakes, which might easily cause trouble at the great locks, Panama is by far the more safe, because no active volcano is found within a distance of at least 200 miles from it, while three lie in the close vicinity of the route of the Nicaragua Canal, and one within only 40 miles of its western locks. Last April an earthquake destroyed substantial masonry buildings at Leon, only 100 miles distant from these lock sites.

The cost of the Panama Canal is stated by General Abbot to be, in round numbers, $100,000,000, and he appropriately suggests that—

> before the government embarks on so important a work that the relative merits of the two routes will be examined and judged by a commission of expert engineers, for it is certain that only one canal is now needed, and that that one should be the best possible.

Certainly whatever is done in this direction ought to be done on the report of experts, and if Congress is really going to "rise to its new responsibilities," it cannot better prove it than by modestly retiring while engineers solve the problem of the relative merits of the two routes.

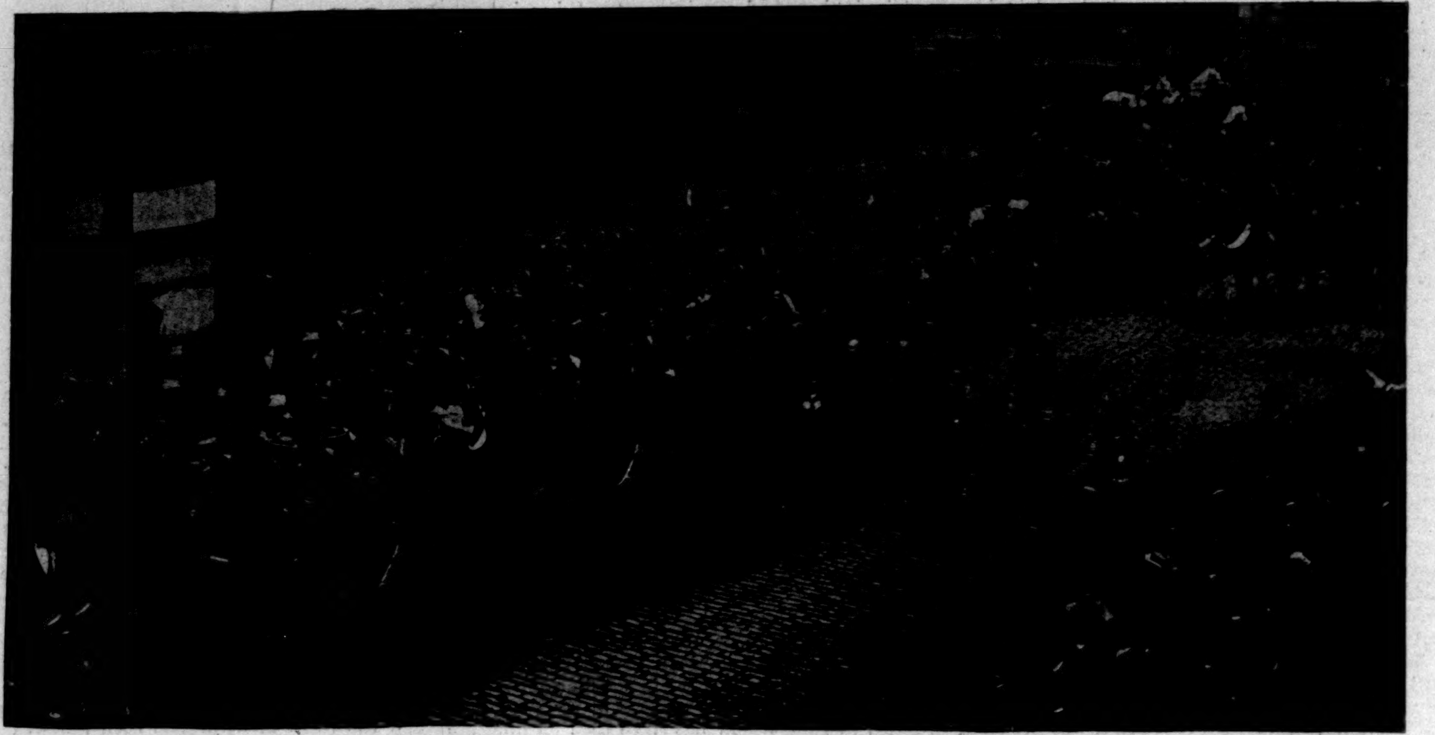
THE BOSS AND THE BENCH.

There is a salutary restriction placed upon the power of the bosses by the nature of things, which is expressed in the ancient saying that whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad. Because a man who has secured possession of the political machine can commit with impunity many outrages and many infamies, he comes to think that there is no outrage and no infamy that he cannot commit with impunity. The day comes when he goes a step too far, when the public indignation which he has so often braved takes at last effective form, and he is overthrown.

Mr. Richard Croker, the Tammany boss, is now trying an interesting and, for himself, a dangerous experiment upon the public patience. Tammany has not yet been in full power for a year, but it has already become as defiant of decency as when it was hurled out of power in consequence of the disclosures of the Lexow committee. Mr. Matthews's detailed exposition of "'Wide-Open' New York," in the last number of the Weekly, shows that already Tammany is behaving with as cynical an impudence as if it had been intrenched in unchallenged power for a decade. The good work done by Mr. Roosevelt and his associates in the purification of the police has been all but undone already. The very appointment of the smirched Devery to be Chief of Police was accepted, as without doubt it was intended, as a notification to the force that the reign of merit was over and the reign of favor had been renewed. Vice and crime were no longer to be regarded as objects of an uncompromising prosecution, but as sources of revenue that had been for a time overlooked. Law-breakers, of all varieties, were not to be suppressed, as who should kill the goose that laid the golden eggs, but to be privately taxed for "all the traffic would bear." The tributary streams that had for a time been obstructed were to begin again to flow to the boss, irrigating the intermediaries on their way. The government of the city was to be again a compact between the payer and the receivers of blackmail, between men ready to pay bribes to break the law and perjured wretches sworn to enforce the law and banded to take bribes to allow it to be broken.

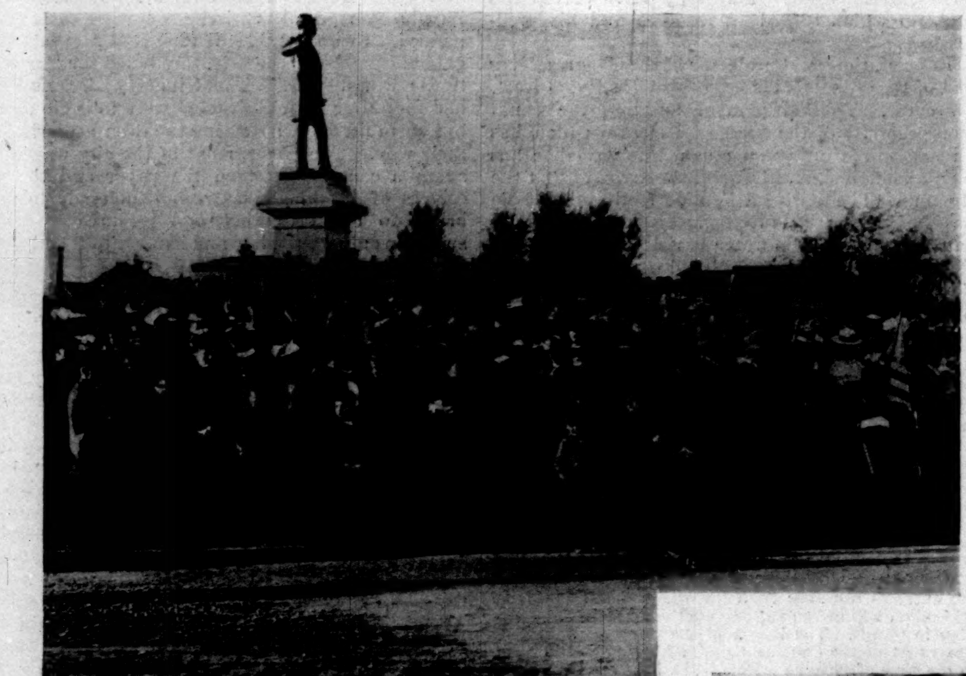
This is once more the municipal government of New York. Mr. Matthews has shown us how it works. Already, after only ten months, things are ripe for another Parkhurst and another Lexow. But it is at this juncture that the Tammany boss thinks it safe to make a still more daring attempt upon the public patience than the licensing of vice and crime. He thinks he can punish, by refusing him a renomination, a judge of his own party, whose party loyalty and whose judicial fitness are alike unquestioned, but who has refused to take the orders of the boss in the discharge of his official duties. With incredible insolence, Croker has actually given this explanation of his refusal to renominate Judge Daly to a committee of the Bar Association which called upon him to urge the renomination! The action by which Judge Daly incurred his displeasure was a refusal to discharge an officer of the court to make room for a tool of Croker's. But of course it might equally have been a refusal to make a decision to Croker's order.

We repeat that this is a dangerous experiment. It ought to be a fatal experiment. For the people —even "the plain people"—are alive to the necessity of an honest and independent judiciary. They now have notice that before nominating candidates for the bench Croker has satisfied himself that they will not be too honest or too independent to do his bidding. In attacking the independence of the judiciary he has laid his dirty hands upon what all Americans regard as the ark of the covenant. The experiment he is trying has been tried by another boss—another Democratic boss, another boss in this State. David B. Hill is a man of much better education than Croker, and is himself a lawyer. These facts made his attempt to prostitute the judiciary at once less excusable and more surprising than the present attempt made by a man who attaches no more sanctity to the administration of justice than to the business of squeezing the pool-sellers. Hill insisted upon nominating a man who had shown himself unfit to be a judge, while Croker insists upon "turning down" a man who has shown his fitness to be a judge, among other ways, by refusing to submit to Croker's dictation. In 1893 Hill was quite as clearly the Democratic boss in the State as Croker now is in the city. He felt so sure of victory that he made sure his ticket could carry Maynard. He was mistaken about Maynard to the extent of 100,000 votes, and Maynard dragged the rest of the ticket with him. It remains to be seen whether Croker has not also reckoned without his host in assuming that he is strong enough to defy all decency.



The President and Ex-Governor Stone.

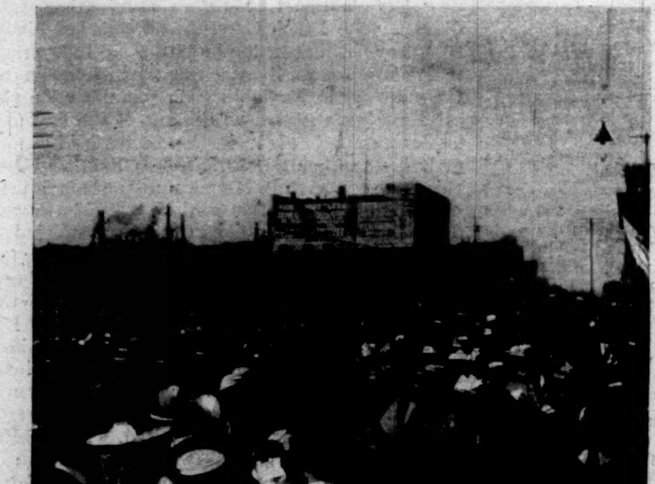
ST. LOUIS, OCTOBER 14—PROCESSION ARRIVING AT SOUTHERN HOTEL.



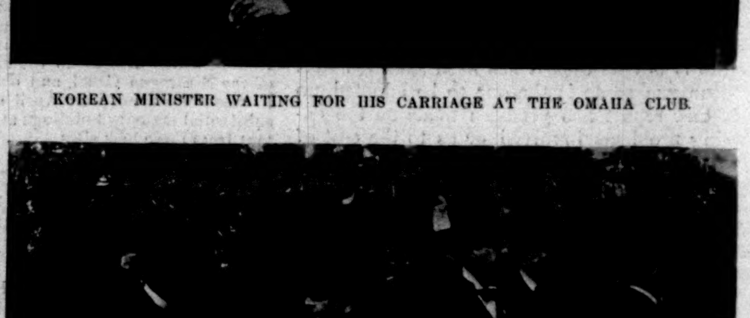
ST. LOUIS—CROWD WAITING FOR THE PRESIDENT AT FOREST PARK.

OMAHA, OCTOBER 12—GENERAL MILES ON THE SPEAKERS' PLATFORM.

KOREAN MINISTER WAITING FOR HIS CARRIAGE AT THE OMAHA CLUB.



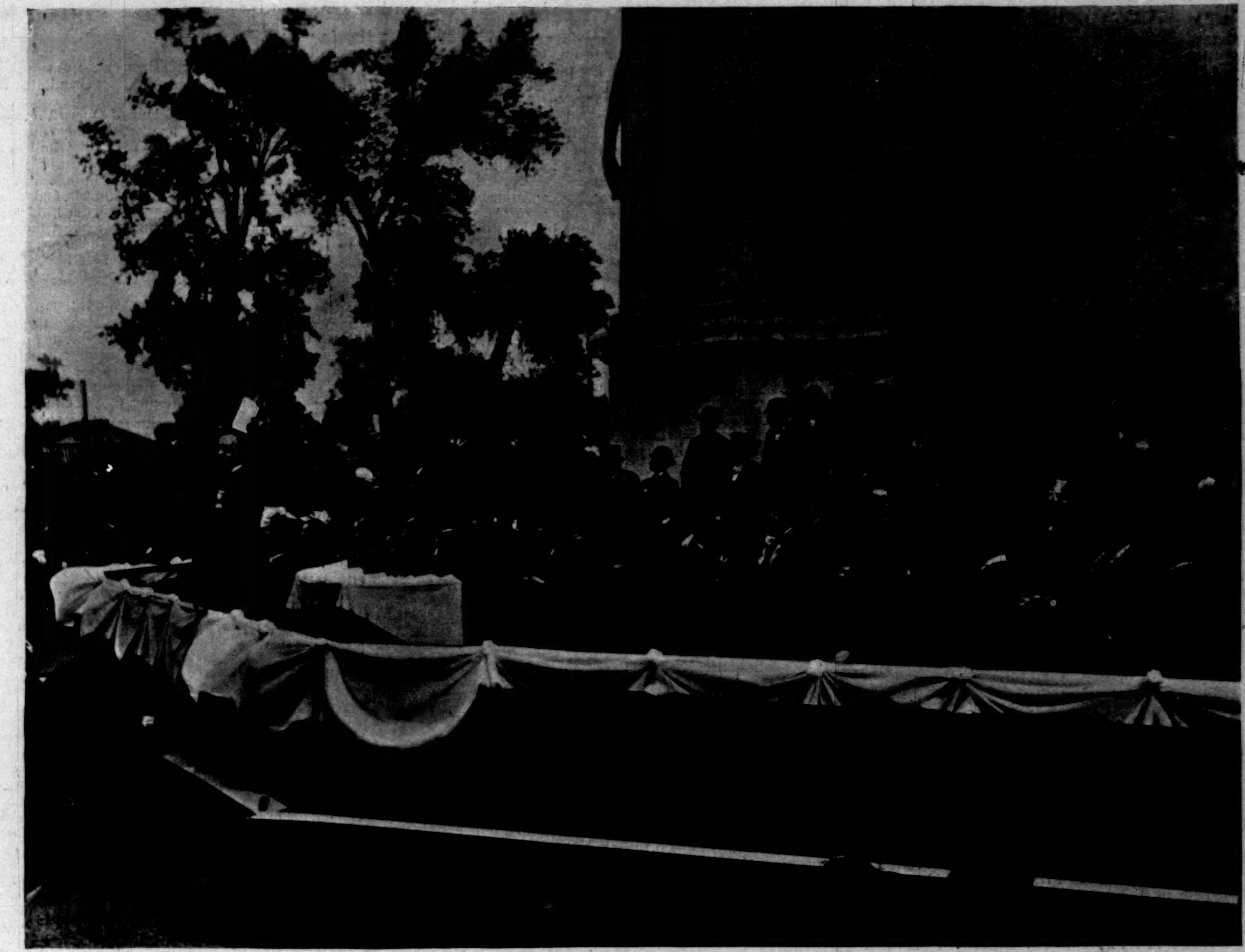
PRESIDENT'S TRAIN LEAVING CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.



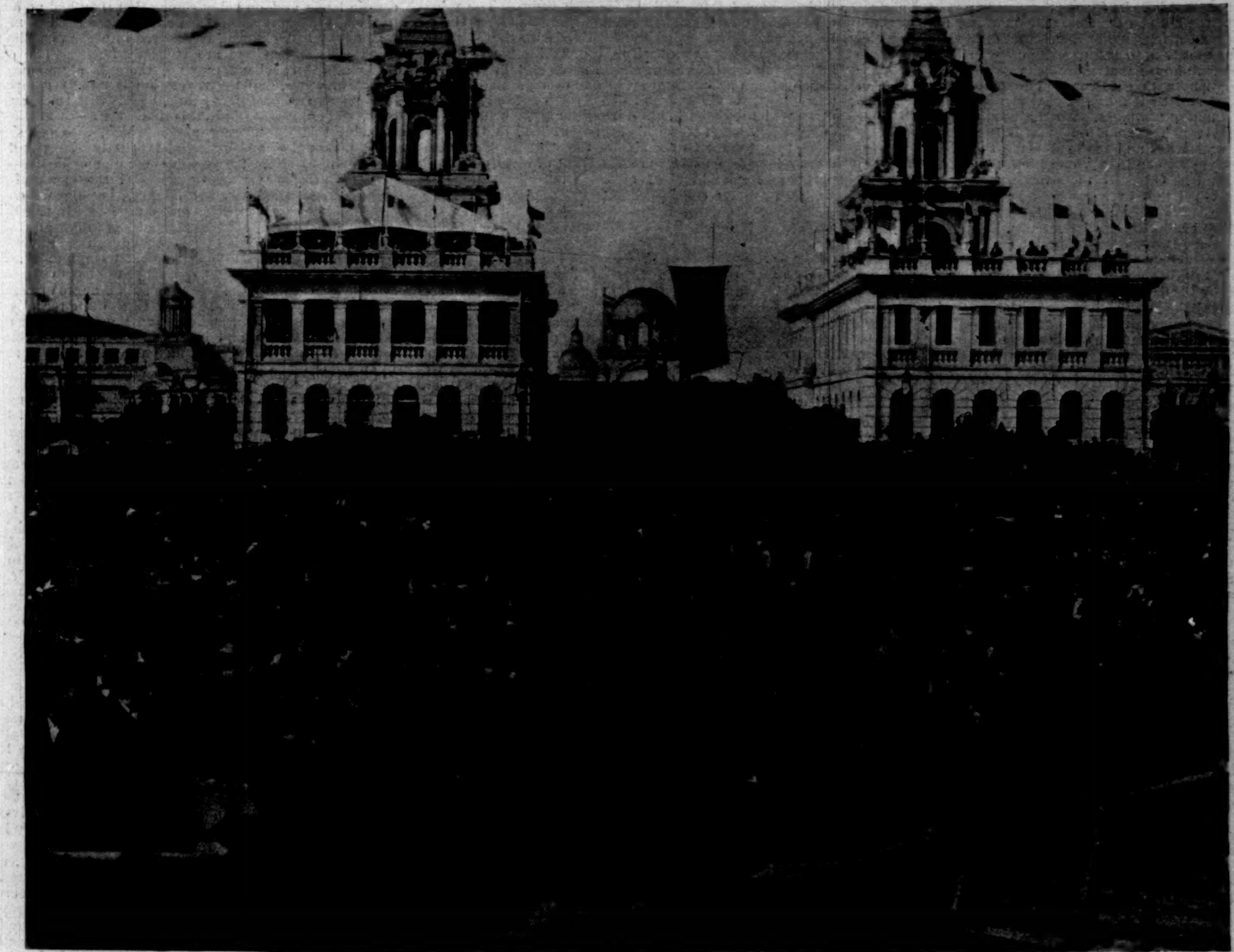
THE PRESIDENT SHAKING HANDS AFTER A SPEECH.

THE PRESIDENT'S WESTERN TRIP—SCENES ALONG THE ROUTE.

Photographs by George G. Bain, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly" with the President's Party.—[See Page 1054.]



THE PRESIDENT DELIVERING HIS ADDRESS AT THE EXPOSITION-GROUNDS.



THE GREAT CROWD THAT GATHERED TO LISTEN TO THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S VISIT TO THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION AT OMAHA, OCTOBER 12, 1898.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RINEHART.—[SEE PAGE 1054.]

THE PRESIDENT AT OMAHA.

President McKinley, members of his cabinet, the general of the army, and other distinguished guests spent the day of October 12 at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition. The event was colored with the enthusiasm which always greets a President in large assemblages, regardless of his personality. Probably there was an increased fervor due to Mr. McKinley's personal popularity; and the spectacular in the presence of General Miles with his staff, all in uniform, added much to the pleasure of the thousands who were drawn to Omaha by the event.

Two things were conspicuous in the reception of the President — the orderliness of the arrangements for his entertainment and the good-humor of the crowds that greeted him. Every feature of the programme went smoothly and without delay. The President was not overwhelmed by the rush of curious people at any point in the course of the entertainment. The eagerness of the throng to get near to him never passed reasonable bounds. If it had any disposition to do so it would have been held in check by the line of Nebraska volunteers stationed on each side of the route which his carriage followed.

Ninety-eight thousand people greeted the President at Omaha, composed chiefly of the agricultural population of the vicinage. The city people of Omaha had as much difficulty to see their distinguished visitor as the strangers within their gates, for the number of these made travel to the exposition-grounds by any sort of conveyance extremely difficult.

It was said by one of those who witnessed the entire programme that there were five acres of people at Omaha, and that only one acre of them saw the President. This was probably true of the occasion when he delivered a formal address from the platform on the East Midway; but it is not likely that many of the visitors failed of an opportunity to see him as he passed through the city or while he was seated on one or other of the stands from which he spoke or viewed the exercises in his honor. The occasions thus offered were made exceptionally good by the location of the stands. For the night parade of Tuesday, which followed the President's arrival, a platform had been built in front of the City Hall.

The sloping ascent about the great Court House building opposite was covered with spectators as closely as they could be packed together, and the windows and cornices were filled. Below, the street was crowded with a great throng.

The first feature of the President's entertainment at Omaha was the parade of Ak-Sar-Ben, a Western development of the Mardi-gras parades in the South. St. Louis was the first city to transplant the Mardi-gras festivities to Northern soil, and now every city of the West and Northwest has its fall festival and parade. That of Omaha is not deficient in merit and interest. Coupled with it on the night of the President's arrival was an electric parade, in which the floats were brilliant with incandescent lights. The President did not wait to see the electric floats, and the gods and goddesses of mythology looked for him in vain from their eminences. He had withdrawn to his carriage and gone to his quarters in the Omaha Club House. Here, with the members of his party, he was established in rooms especially fitted for his accommodation, and here he spent presumably a restful night.

From the club on the following morning he was taken in an open carriage, under the escort of President Wattles of the exposition, to the exposition-grounds. The scene in the club-house that morning was bright with color and brilliant with gold lace. The Chinese and Korean ministers and their families, clad in the many-hued silks of their native costumes, gave the needed touch of color to the assemblage, and the brass buttons and gold lace of General Miles and his staff made the scene brighter. There were women in gay costumes, too, with flowers in their hands. Officially the party was one of the most distinguished that ever gathered in a Western city. Of the President's official family there were present Secretary Gage of the Treasury, Secretary Bliss of the Interior Department, Postmaster-General Charles Emory Smith, and the Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Wilson. Mr. Gage and Mr. Smith were accompanied by their wives; Mr. Wilson by his daughter. Mrs. McKinley was not able to accompany the President, because of a domestic affliction. Of the less important officials of the administration there were present the Assistant Secretary of War, the Commissioner of Education, the chief of the Weather Bureau, and the chief of the Signal Corps of the army, General Greely. In the diplomatic party were the minister of the Argentine Republic and the secretary of the Cuban legation. Senators Thurston and Allen, Governor Holcomb, ex-Governor Saunders, and ex-Senator Manderson were of the receiving party.

At the exposition-grounds the President went directly to the stand from which he was to deliver an address. The crowd extended on each side almost to the limit of the wide-space. In front it stretched in unbroken mass to the two buildings on each side of the viaduct, and to the summit of that bridge which connects the Midway with the large court of the exposition.

When the address of the President was finished, the Postmaster-General spoke for a few minutes. Then, one after another, the distinguished members of the party were introduced, and each was greeted with a good-natured cheer.

The incidents of the reception that followed the speech-making in quick succession were a luncheon, a circuit of the exhibition buildings, a view of the Indian Congress and sham battle, a dinner, a drive around the illuminated court, and an exhibition of fireworks.

To the visitors from the East the exposition inevitably suggested the World's Fair. But it was a subject of wonder with them that in this remote city of the West an exhibition could have been created which would bear comparison so favorably with that stupendous show. In one feature they found it unique, and that feature was probably the most interesting in the experience of the President. No one of the line of "Great Fathers" who have seen the gradual hemming in of the American Indian on Western soil has ever witnessed such an assemblage as Mr. Rosewater had brought together, with the aid of Congress and a $40,000 appropriation, to form the crowning glory of the Omaha show.

The Indians were deeply interested in the meeting. They had put in a request that the President would shake hands with them. But 600 hands were more than the President had time to grasp, so he compromised by taking off his hat and bowing to each of the delegations from the thirty tribes as they marched forward and saluted him. A more pronounced greeting met Geronimo, as the old warrior dashed forward on his pony, and removing the horned cap from his head, bowed with a grim smile to the chief of the white men. When the sham battle was concluded the President walked down the line of Indians, hat in hand, bowing and smiling.

The President's visit was the climax of the Omaha Exhibition. It saw the richest fruition of many months of labor, whose results have been successful beyond all expectation. In the face of unfavorable conditions created by the war, Major Clarkson, the secretary of the exposition, told me the treasury at the time of the President's visit contained $185,000, and there were no debts. On only three days had the gate receipts failed to meet the expenses of the show. Every bill had been paid when due, and the prospects were fair for a refund of the entire sum advanced by the stockholders.

As to the effect of the show on Omaha, Mr. Hitchcock, the editor of the *World-Herald*, who is the fusion candidate for Congress, said that it had recreated the city. It was a desperate resort of a community threatened with bankruptcy, and its result has been the stimulation of trade, the lifting of mortgages, an increase in the active population of the city, and the encouragement of enterprise which since the "boom" days has met with an inadequate reward. All this has been due, in large measure, to the untiring efforts of President Wattles and Secretary Clarkson, who have put in more than a laborer's day on the exposition's business for many months; to the publicity given to the enterprise through the work of Editor Rosewater of the *Bee;* and to the active assistance which every citizen has given to the managers of the exposition.

George Grantham Bain.

THE WEST INDIES.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

I.—THE MAROONS OF JAMAICA.

When England, in 1655, took Jamaica from the Spaniards, there were some two thousand slaves on the island, most of them pure Africans, but a few the hybrid offspring of negroes and the aboriginal Arawak Indians, whom the Spaniards had found in possession of the island, and, in the course of a century, had managed to exterminate. These slaves—known in history as Koromantyns, or, more commonly, "Maroons"—sided with their masters, and on the flight of the Spanish forces from Jamaica they took to the mountains, and for a century and a half maintained a harassing and, on the whole, a successful guerilla war against the English. But in 1795 the Jamaican government imported from Cuba a great number of mastiffs, trained like the blood-hound to track human beings by scent, but, unlike the blood-hound, to attack the victim of their ruthless quest with horrible ferocity. The knowledge that these animals were arrayed against them paralyzed the Maroons, and, rather than meet them in fight, they surrendered to the troops whom until then they had held in very scant respect. Not a shot was fired after the "blood-hounds" reached the English camp. The rebels capitulated on the single condition that their lives should be spared. Thus ended the troubles with the Maroons. Their leaders were eventually shipped off to Sierra Leone, and the rank and file, being confirmed in certain privileges which, after a previous "peace," had been granted to them, retired to their villages, and thenceforth not only lived in peace with the English, but during the negro insurrection, quelled with such merciful severity in 1865 by Governor Eyre, they fought on the side of the whites. The privileges referred to above were the grant of certain lands in perpetual freehold and exemption from all taxation, and modified "home-rule"—*quamdiu se bene gesserint.* On these terms the descendants of the Spaniards' slaves, still known as Maroons, live in the island, and one of their locations is Moore Town, about ten miles from Port Antonio, on the northern shore of the island. Their lines have certainly been cast, from a negro point of view, in very pleasant places. Well above sea-level, in the midst of superb scenery, this interesting human fragment of old-world history lives a life very much its own and in some respects quite isolated, but year by year assimilating more and more with its surroundings. Ever since the suppression of Gordon's insurrection in 1865 the Maroons have been gradually ridding themselves of their "caste" prejudice, which held them aloof from the freed negroes and the half-castes, so that to-day the inhabitants of Moore Town possess scarcely any special characteristics of feature and suggest no special type. Here and there, frequently enough to arrest attention, one sees fine features, thin lips, oval faces, with a lithe and dignified bearing—a combination absolutely unknown among the negroes, and pointing back to a strong strain of blood other than African—probably that of the aboriginal Arawak Indians, who are recorded to have been a comely and graceful race. But the majority of the Maroons are as mongrel-looking a collection as could be picked up at the corner of any Port Antonio street, and though suggesting in appearance, strange to say, less of the negro than the coolie, are in gesture, temperament, and mental traits unmistakable Africans. They are very light-hearted and excitable, exceedingly simple, and surprisingly shrewd; a community which would follow and desert a leader with equal alacrity; impulsive but not purposeful, and morbidly superstitious. I confess I was greatly disappointed to find them becoming so "civilized"—to see roofs of corrugated zinc instead of palm-leaf thatch, Bass and Tennant their beers instead of pombe and cassava, and canned meats their delicacies instead of ubonni.

"What is your religion?" I asked a hoary old heathenish-looking person.

"Church of England," was the shocking reply; and later, when I expressed a wish to see his fetich, he flattened me out by asking, "*Fetich*—what *is* fetich?"

I had hoped, I confess, to interview a witch-finder, to see a medicine-man perhaps go through some dance, or at least hear an obeah-man curse a little. But no, they are all "Church of England," in proof of which in the valley below stood a dilapidated, half-roofed, no-windowed church, in and out of which some fat little children were chasing some fat little pigs, which had invaded the sacred premises for the sake of shade.

"So you are all thinking of joining the Americans," I said.

"No, sir, not me," was the reply.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because, sir, I think the Americans most unsuitable."

"*Unsuitable!*" said I, in surprise. "Unsuitable for what?"

"Unsuitable, sir, for the dominions of Queen Victoria!"

This led me to speak of loyalty, in the course of which my acquaintance informed me that "bullets do not kill you if you are fighting in the right cause," and in support of this startling generalization he adduced the case of his own brother, "now a dead man, sir, and buried by the missionary who lives on top of yonder hill," who, when fighting on the side of the English against the rebel slaves in 1865, "was twice struck by bullets, sir, on the head and on the chest, and they glanced off him, sir, because he was fighting for the right cause—for Queen Victoria, sir."

What the "loyalty" of the colored population of the island may spring from I would not undertake to guess, but it is an unquestionable fact that not one negro in a thousand, and probably not more than one "Jamaican" in a thousand, would, on plebiscite, vote for annexation. Somehow or another the very same apprehension of Americans exists everywhere among the black and half-black people of the island as of Russia among the natives of India. Some affect to explain this by rumors that have reached the island as to harsh treatment of the blacks in the southernmost States, others by the fact that from time to time colored youths, who have been educated as Baptist missionaries or doctors in the United States, return here and spread among the resident blacks exaggerated accounts of the disabilities and drawbacks incidental to negro life in America as compared with British dominions. Whatever the reason, the fact remains that the colored population of Jamaica is to-day not in one district, but in all, unanimously "loyal" to the British government. In fact, more than one Englishman of long residence has told me that to take a vote on the question of annexation to the United States would be to provoke riots, and perhaps even run the risk of insurrection.

Is this "loyalty" only speech-deep? For myself, I frankly confess I believe it is. I cannot forget that history teaches us that the government of colored peoples by minorities of whites is periodically disturbed by outbreaks of popular ill feeling towards the authorities. These are due in special cases to fanaticism, or the spirit of unrest natural to fighting-races chafing under the tiresome monotony of law-abiding peace, but as often as not they arise from the curious frame of mind common to all humanity, expressed in the Bible in the phrase, "and Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked." Outbreaks apparently quite senseless have often occurred in British possessions when the people had "waxed fat," when prosperity under benevolent government had made them forget the benevolence and swelled their heads. The black is particularly subject to this weakness of "swelled head," whether as the individual servant of an intelligent master or the subject of a kindly government. He waxes fat and "kicks."

Now the Maroons, except for an incident that occurred some three years ago, when they tumultuously demanded certain lands, and, on being shown that they had no claim to them, peaceably accepted the fact and retired from the estate they had claimed, have lived in peace and plenty. Their hills and valleys are superbly fertile. The open lands afford excellent grazing, there is abundance of beautiful water, and the vegetation is largely composed of bananas and cocoanut-palms, bread-fruit trees, sugar-cane, mango, guava, and other fruit trees — a medley of valuable food-producing plants which, with occasional kola, pineapples, and oranges, is partly the result of their own planting, partly the surviving evidences of a departed prosperity, when these lands formed parts of rich plantations worked by slave laborers, but thrown out of culture by the emancipation of the negroes. In this black man's paradise they have thriven and multiplied, and though they have voluntarily abandoned their original isolation, they are still an individual community, and, taking all the world round, should be the most contented, as they are certainly the best-to-do, of all negro or negroid colonies living under white rule. Until quite recently the colony of Jamaica had looked upon the Maroons as thoroughly law-abiding, and indeed it was supposed that in case of any popular disturbance they might be counted upon as auxiliaries of British authority.

Some weeks ago the Maroons applied to government for and received a plan of the grounds which had been granted to their predecessors a hundred years ago in perpetuity and tax free. Their interpretation of this survey led them to assert that the tribe was not now in possession of all the lands that had been granted to it in 1795, and to claim certain portions of several estates. Among these was a certain "Fyfe Pen"—"pen" being the Jamaican equivalent for the American "ranch" or Australian "run"—which had since the death of Colonel Fyfe been split up and portions of it absorbed into the now existing Gibraltar, Iter Boreale, and Fort George plantations. This old pen the Maroons have reconstructed from the survey map, and are now asserting proprietorship over such portions of those three estates as had originally belonged to Colonel Fyfe. This gentleman, an Englishman, was selected by government to take charge of the Maroons in 1865, when, after assisting the authorities against the rebels, they made a kind of triumphal progress through portions of the island, fêted and applauded by the loyal population, and for some reason or another the Maroons now claim Colonel Fyfe's estate as their property. What other connection Fyfe may have had with the tribe, beyond organizing and marching with it in the parade, I have not been able to discover, either from the Maroons themselves or from officials, but it is evident that the community have satisfied themselves as to the existence of some sort of "rights," for they have committed the offence known technically, I believe, as "forcible entry and detainer" — that is to say, they marched on to the Gibraltar and Iter Boreale estates in a body over a hundred strong, cut a wire fence as assertion of right of way, pulled some cocoanuts to prove proprietorship, and ordered the laborers to take no more logwood off the grounds, and to empty out the contents of wagons already loaded on to the ground. This was on Tuesday and Wednesday. The inspector-general of police was sent to Annotto Bay, and some forty constables collected at that place, and on Saturday, the necessary information having been laid, summonses were taken out against some twelve or fifteen of the leaders of the movement, and are made returnable for Tuesday next here at Annotto Bay, and on that day we shall see what we shall see. Meanwhile the Maroons remain in possession, and not one of them, if we are to believe what they say, intends to move. And nothing can be more precise and emphatic than their language. Suffice it to say that in my own hearing a Maroon said that if the negro constabulary tried to turn them off the grounds they had seized, they would kill every one of them, or die themselves to the last man. This may, of course, have been mere braggadocio, but it did not sound like it when it was said, and the speaker and his companions did not look like "blatherskites" when they said it. But, after all, there is no saying how far "tall talking" may be carried without any resultant violence. On the other hand, the Maroons are, as I have said, vain, excitable, easily swayed, and sentimental, not to say superstitious. Of the constabulary, who are all black, except their officers, the Maroons have a deplorably poor opinion, and every "Jamaican" of color you speak to on the subject tells you that the Maroons despise the negroes. For one thing, of course, they really obtained their present peculiar semi-independence by force of arms, and although they eventually succumbed in a kind of panic at the presence of "blood-hounds" in the English camps, they were never, as a matter of fact, thrashed, and they have not forgotten the fact.

PHIL. ROBINSON.

ANNOTTO BAY, *October 2.*

A PUERTO RICO PROBLEM.

THE CROWDED PRISONS.

THE scene might be a prison-yard in any one of the larger towns of that island over which our flag was raised on Tuesday, October 18—in Ponce, San Juan, Guayama, and the other places which have come so suddenly into our consciousness during the last few months that it almost seems as though the war with Spain had created them.

There is a large square court-yard, or *patio*, open to the sky in fair and foul weather; it is paved with flag-stones, and surrounded by a colonnade. If the reader were making his observations from a point near the centre of the *patio* (or, as it were, in the foreground of the drawing on the first page of this number of the WEEKLY) he would see, between the arches and in the deep shadow, doors of the cells in which ordinary prisoners are locked at night. These are on a level with the ground, and above them is a row of little grated windows, where dark faces are seen pressed against the bars, and bare feet are thrust out. The solitary occupants are intently watching figures that move across the little square of sunlit pavement visible to them.

"Pablo is carrying his chain in his hand to-day; yesterday he dragged it"—that is about all they see.

The cells in this upper tier are reserved for prisoners held in close confinement. And often there is a barrier between the arches, to restrain an intermediate class, including political offenders and suspected persons, who are neither condemned to absolute solitude nor allowed to mingle with the common herd. In the sunny court are natives of high and low degree, white and black—but only natives, for the Spaniards have always been more leniently treated. The man who has been charged with murder and the man whose peasant neighbor has accused him of a theft of fruit are together here, and have equal privileges in most respects. But the more dangerous fellows must drag about heavy log-chains attached to their ankles. There is a game of handball for those who do not wear the chain, and for all, without exception, and at all hours of the day, there is the favorite pastime—gambling. Mere lack of money is no impediment; when the last piece of silver has vanished, there is still a button or a tin dish to be won or lost. From time to time friends of the prisoners come, bringing presents of uncooked food—of corn, or meat, or codfish, perhaps—and hand these things in through the bars, or throw them down from the flat roof—the *azotea*—to which any one has free access. And so the common supply of food in the large iron kettle receives frequent additions. It is rather like the old custom of the North American savages—all is soup meat that comes to this kettle; the fire is kept up; there is at least a spoonful of hot food for those that are hungry. A stone tank in the centre of the court is supplied with running water; and here at last is an object that the eye can rest upon with pleasure, for the artistic Spaniard has made of even this prison fountain a bit of architecture. Half-naked figures of the men who wash their clothing in the tank are in harmony with this classical suggestion.

Many of these prisoners are simple country people whom the Guardia Civil captured in highway and hedge. Some of them assert that they have been confined for a year or more without trial, and an American visitor is likely to hear that a fair proportion do not accurately know why they were committed. They all expected to be released on the arrival of the American army, and it is not too much to say that this expectation was shared by the inhabitants of the island generally. For, otherwise, what should the Americans do with the imprisoned? Could they investigate each case separately and take evidence once more? Would they have confidence in the old records and retain the old judges, virtually approving every scandalous sentence and reaffirming every old judgment by continuing the penalty it had involved? To the islanders this problem seemed very difficult.

One of those who thought the problem would prove too difficult was a Spanish volunteer at San Juan. He had lost an arm on May 12, when Admiral Sampson bombarded the capital's defences. On his visiting-card was inscribed, after his name and as a title or characterization, the word "Hero." And he was authorized to adopt that title.

As the native prisoners, when anticipating the advent of Miles and Brooke and their twenty thousand, pictured the event to themselves, the gates would be thrown open, they would flock out, guns would be placed in their hands, and they would be told to kill as many Spaniards as possible. Now, of course, there is bitter disappointment among them and their friends. The impression produced on their minds when they discovered that not only were they still prisoners pending investigation of the charges recorded against them, but even unruly members of the army of liberation shared their captivity, forms a curious subject for speculation. It is matched, however, by the reflections of offenders who wear Uncle Sam's uniform, but who find themselves shut in "such a place to put a man who came down here to fight!"

In view of the conjectures that have been mentioned above, the first steps in the development of the American policy are of special interest. After October 18 the Spanish civil authorities continued to hold office. It became evident that they were not to be replaced so long as they performed their duties satisfactorily. There was no such protest at San Juan as that which made itself heard at Manila, where it led General Merritt to modify his proclamation. It is thought that the perfect definition of the terms of the problem will make its solution comparatively easy, and, judging from present indications, we may expect hearty co-operation of Spaniards, Spanish-Americans, and Americans in the effort to understand the situation and to effect an easy transition.

MARRION WILCOX.

·THIS·BUSY· ·WORLD·

Bismarck's Autobiography (Harper & Brothers), which is announced to appear next month, will come opportunely to qualify the impressions of Prince Bismarck's character and career which have been formed from works about him that have appeared since his death. It is the only work of the sort that he left. In 1889 the Cotta Publishing House in Germany asked the Chancellor to write down his recollections of his life and work. He declined at the time, but the following year, when he had unexpectedly gone out of office, he arranged with the Cottas for the book they had asked for, and began work on it. Its title, *Gedanken und Erinnerungen*, was his own choice. He dictated his recollections first to Lothar Bucher, and after Bucher's death went on with the help of Dr. Chrysander.

There are no sensational disclosures in this autobiography, but it includes the thoughts, memories, and reflections of the artificer of an empire, as he looked back in his age on the labors of his life, and on the history which he helped to make. Bismarck's most violent critics do not deny that his personality was exceedingly interesting. It enters into this work more largely than into any other that can be written.

One finds it harder and harder, as the campaign in New York State progresses, to locate the line which separates Colonel Roosevelt's share in beating Spain from what was done to that end by the other land forces of the United States. The Colonel's admiring friends keep shoving the boundary of his renown farther and farther along, incidentally leaving less and less credit to the regular army, the gallant correspondents, and his other helpers. The address calling for a Roosevelt League of German-Americans points out that—

> An officer at the head of his regiment, it was he who in the critical moment insured success. If we had had no Roosevelt at Santiago, and if we had been defeated in action there, who knows whether to-day we would be in a position to consider terms of peace?

So, in introducing the candidate at a meeting of colored voters, Mr. T. T. Fortune said, on October 14:

> When Colonel Roosevelt made his charge up San Juan Hill he was supported on the right and left by the colored troopers of the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry, and the gallant Colonel won his victory with their aid.

The ignorant reader wonders whether there were no surviving officers of the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry, and why they are not entitled to appear as part owners of the victory of San Juan. Moreover, there are close students of our recent military history who find in General Kent's report that a man named Hawkins, an obscure general in the regular army, who commanded a brigade, captured San Juan Hill with the Sixth and Sixteenth regular infantry, with extremely valuable assistance from the Ninth, Thirteenth, and Twenty-fourth regular infantry. No doubt Colonel Roosevelt rode up one segment of the hill and General Hawkins another. At any rate, readers of General Kent's report maintain that Hawkins and his men had something to do with the San Juan victory; indeed, the portion of credit that they assign to General Hawkins is of appalling size, and not to be reconciled with the dimensions of the piece which the Colonel's friends claim for him, except on the theory that the aggregated parts of that victory are very much larger than the whole. No one doubts that the Colonel did his full duty according to his lights and abilities as a volunteer officer, but he must be mortified at the dissemination of the idea that he was the mainspring of the American forces at Santiago, and that if he had broken, the wheels of our military machine would have ceased to go round. No doubt many of these misleading impressions will be set right in the war articles for the magazines, the composition of which now engages the Colonel's scant leisure, as well as in the history of the late war which is soon to come from his near friend Senator Lodge.

A poem called "America, Beloved Land," published in the WEEKLY for October 8, was accompanied by a note saying that it was composed by Mr. Abbot Frederic as a substitute for "The Star-Spangled Banner," the words of which familiar song seemed to him "weak and inadequate."

Mr. Frederic desires that it should be stated that the note did not express his sentiments, and that he does not wish to appear as disparaging the words of "The Star-Spangled Banner," or as assuming that his own composition is necessarily more worthy of the nation.

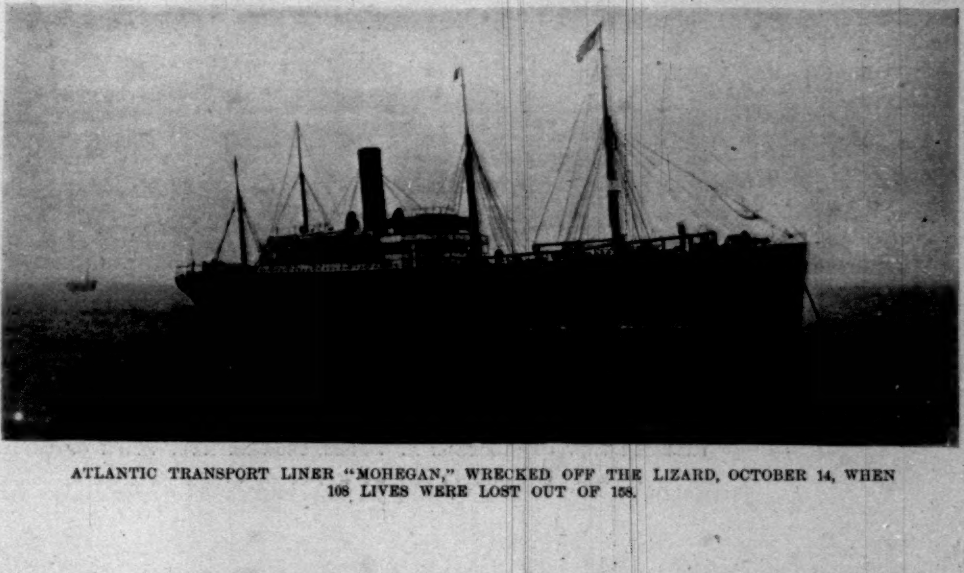
Reports of the American Peace Commission sitting in Paris represent the American commissioners to be in good health and spirits, and to be haggling actively with their Spanish brethren over the terms of peace. At last accounts discussion was still confined to Cuban concerns, and especially to the question of the Cuban debt, and whether responsibility for any part of it could be imposed upon the United States. The Spanish commissioners have asked that our government shall assume sovereignty in Cuba, and our commissioners have refused to do so, though willing to undertake to preserve order until a stable government is perfected. So far as public information goes, the Commission has not yet made a beginning of the settlement of the problem of the Philippines. News of the Commission and its doings creates no excitement in this country, the average citizen and newspaper reader feeling full confidence in our commissioners, and being very ready to believe that the conclusions they will reach will be the best obtainable.

The canon of the Episcopal Church relating to divorce is to remain unchanged. The amendment proposed by the party in the convention led by Bishop Doane proposed to forbid Episcopal clergymen to officiate at the marriage of either party to a divorce during the lifetime of the other party. An amendment offered by Bishop Potter prohibited remarriage after a divorce granted for a cause succeeding the marriage except in the case of the innocent party to such a divorce. In the preliminary vote Bishop Potter's amendment beat Bishop Doane's amendment by a vote of 32 to 31, but by a subsequent vote (31 to 24) it was determined to leave the present canon unamended. So the Episcopal Church will continue for at least three years more to countenance the remarriage of the innocent party to a divorce.

There is little to say about the loss of the *Mohegan* except that the *Mohegan* was lost. On Friday evening, October 14, at seven o'clock, on her course from London to New York, she ran aground on rocks near the Lizard, the southern extremity of Cornwall. A heavy easterly gale was blowing, which drove back tugs which put out to her rescue, and made it very difficult to launch her own boats. Of 158 persons aboard, 50 were saved. Of 54 passengers 11 were saved, among them five women. Out of the crew of 104, 39 were saved. Her commander, Captain Griffiths, and her first, second, and third officers were lost. How the vessel came to be six or seven miles north of her course is not yet explained. A coroner's inquest began on Monday, October 17, was adjourned for a week in order to insure the presence of a nautical expert from the Board of Trade. The surviving passengers, some of whom were present at the inquest, were not allowed to give evidence before the adjournment, and their testimony may not be taken at all. This action of the coroner in not taking the testimony of the passengers before they were scattered is criticised.

The *Mohegan* was a single-screw steamer of 4510 tons, and was one of five vessels lately bought by the Atlantic Transport Company to replace five vessels sold by that company to the United States to be used as army transports. She was a new ship, launched this year at Hull, England, and at first named *Cleopatra*.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* feels sure that it is mistaken policy for a high-class newspaper to cut its price to one cent. It does not believe "that intelligent, healthy-minded people are deterred from reading decent papers because of the difference of one or two cents in price." That is true enough, and it is also true that while intelligent people don't want what the *Ledger* calls "madhouse sheets" at any price, when an interesting and reputable newspaper can be bought for one cent a great many buyers add it daily to the paper or the group of papers they



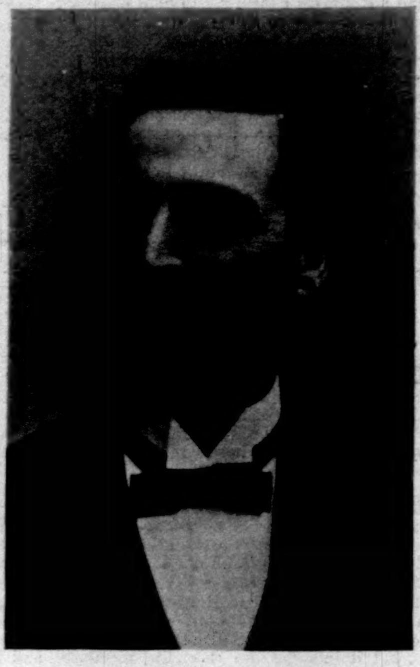
ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINER "MOHEGAN," WRECKED OFF THE LIZARD, OCTOBER 14, WHEN 108 LIVES WERE LOST OUT OF 158.

are taking already. Most persons in New York who really aspire to keep abreast of the times seem nowadays to feel the need of looking through from four to ten papers daily. Time was when a family that took in a newspaper felt that it got the news. Now every prudent family takes in a paper or two for the news, and a few more as a precaution against being taken in. When you buy one or two newspapers a day the price doesn't matter much, but when you buy five or six, the extra pennies are of more moment. A good many thrifty persons dislike as much to pay three cents for a newspaper as for a postage-stamp.

Mr. William G. Brown, the deputy keeper of the records of Harvard University, is trying to make a complete list of the Harvard men—officers, graduates, undergraduates, and temporary members of the university in any department—who have served in the war with Spain. The list is to be printed in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, and the documents on which it is based are to be kept in the university archives. It is thought that the list will include as many as three hundred and fifty names. "I am inclined to think," writes the deputy keeper, "that more Harvard men enlisted during the period of the war than during the corresponding early period of the civil war."

A Philadelphia correspondent, who thinks that the WEEKLY, while observant of Red Cross work, has not paid due attention to the labors of the National Relief Association, points out, in the name of justice, that the National Relief has had agents at Camps Alger and Wikoff, and at Tampa and other points in Florida; that it still has agents at Ponce, Santiago, and Camp Meade; that it is working through Consul Wildman at Hong-kong for the troops at Manila, and sends weekly tons of supplies; that its secretary, in company with Major Appel, meets every transport that comes to New York; that as late as October 15 it had charge, and doubtless still has charge, of a large number of sick soldiers in Philadelphia; that it has fed thousands of soldiers; and that it makes a business of locating missing men and sending them home. "Ask the soldiers from Cuba, Ponce, or the camps about the National Relief Commission," says this reproachful Philadelphian, "and see what answer you get."

Joseph Simon, the new Republican Senator from Oregon, was born in Germany in 1851, and is a Jew, as his name suggests. He came with his parents to Oregon in 1857, and got his schooling first at a private school in Portland kept by Sylvester Pennoyer (who was afterwards Governor), and later at the Portland public schools. In 1870 he entered the law office of John H. Mitchell and Joseph N. Dolph, both of whom have since been United States Senators. Two years later he was admitted to the bar, and has practised law ever since with ability and success. His political activities include five terms of service in the Oregon State Senate, over five sessions of which he presided. In 1879 he ran for Mayor of Portland, and missed election by one vote. In 1891 he was a strong candidate for the United States Circuit Judgeship, to which President Harrison eventually appointed William B. Gilbert.



JOSEPH SIMON,
United States Senator-Elect from Oregon.

Senator Simon has long been an active and influential Republican, and is a strong and outspoken advocate of the gold standard. He has fought free silver from the beginning, and is credited with having done more than any one else to win Oregon's sound-money victories in 1896 and 1898.

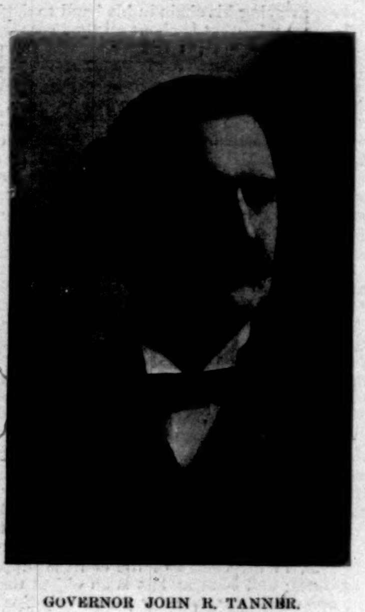
No more bloodshed is expected to result from the miners' strikes in Illinois, but the situation continues to be very uneasy, with no settlement in sight. Governor Tanner has been using the State troops to prevent the importation of negro laborers into Virden and Pana, and his right to use troops for such a purpose and to search railroad trains and interfere with travel will probably be inquired into in suits to be brought against the State of Illinois. There has been talk of asking the President to send regular troops to the scene of disturbance, on the ground that the Governor has failed in his duty, and that the mine-owners and negro laborers have been deprived of their constitutional rights as citizens of the United States. Meanwhile the rejected negroes who were driven away from Virden have been left on the hands of the railroad which brought them, and after finding a temporary refuge at Springfield, were sheltered at last accounts in the jail at St. Louis.

The news of the sudden death of Harold Frederic in London, on October 19, was extremely surprising to persons who only knew him as the London correspondent of the New York *Times* and as a writer of books. He was only forty-two years old, and started in life with an enviable physical and mental endowment, which should have lasted him far longer than it did. He was born on a farm in the Mohawk Valley, near Utica. When he was two years old he lost his father, and his boyhood and youth became a struggle with poverty. But he managed to get the rudiments of education, going to the public schools in Utica in the intervals of work. When he was fourteen he left school and became an office-boy in the employ of Editor Bailey of the Utica *Observer*. A little later, discovering a talent for drawing, he found lucrative employment in Boston in retouching photographic negatives. His eyes gave out under the strain of that work, and he returned to the Utica *Observer* as reporter. In 1882 he became editor of the Albany *Evening Journal*, and in 1884 left that paper to become the London correspondent of the New York *Times*. His work for the *Times* is well known. His first novel, *Seth's Brother's Wife*, was published in 1887. Of ten other novels that he wrote, eight have been published, one is now running as a serial, and the last is to be published next year. The scenes of several of his books are laid in central New York, and are of especial interest to persons to whom that region is familiar. His most notable novel was *The Damnation of Theron Ware*, published in 1896, which was widely read, and excited much attention.

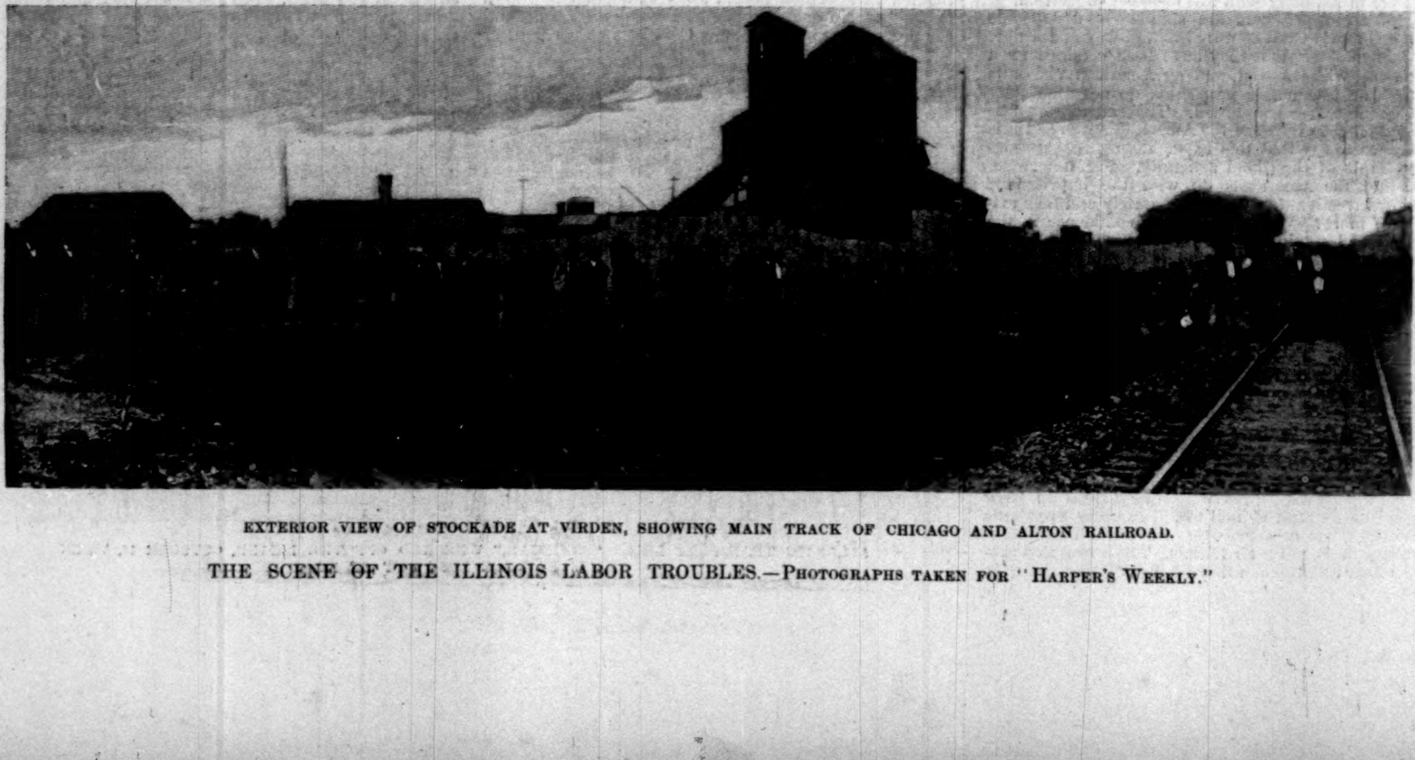
In his life there were tragedies and grave blemishes, which marred a career in many respects so notable, and which doubtless contributed to his premature collapse under the pressure of hard work. Last August he suffered a stroke of paralysis, which left him ailing and partially crippled, though he kept up his work until a day or two before his death.

E. S. MARTIN.

MINER'S CABIN NEAR STOCKADE AT VIRDEN, WHERE WOMEN MADE COFFEE FOR THE STRIKERS.

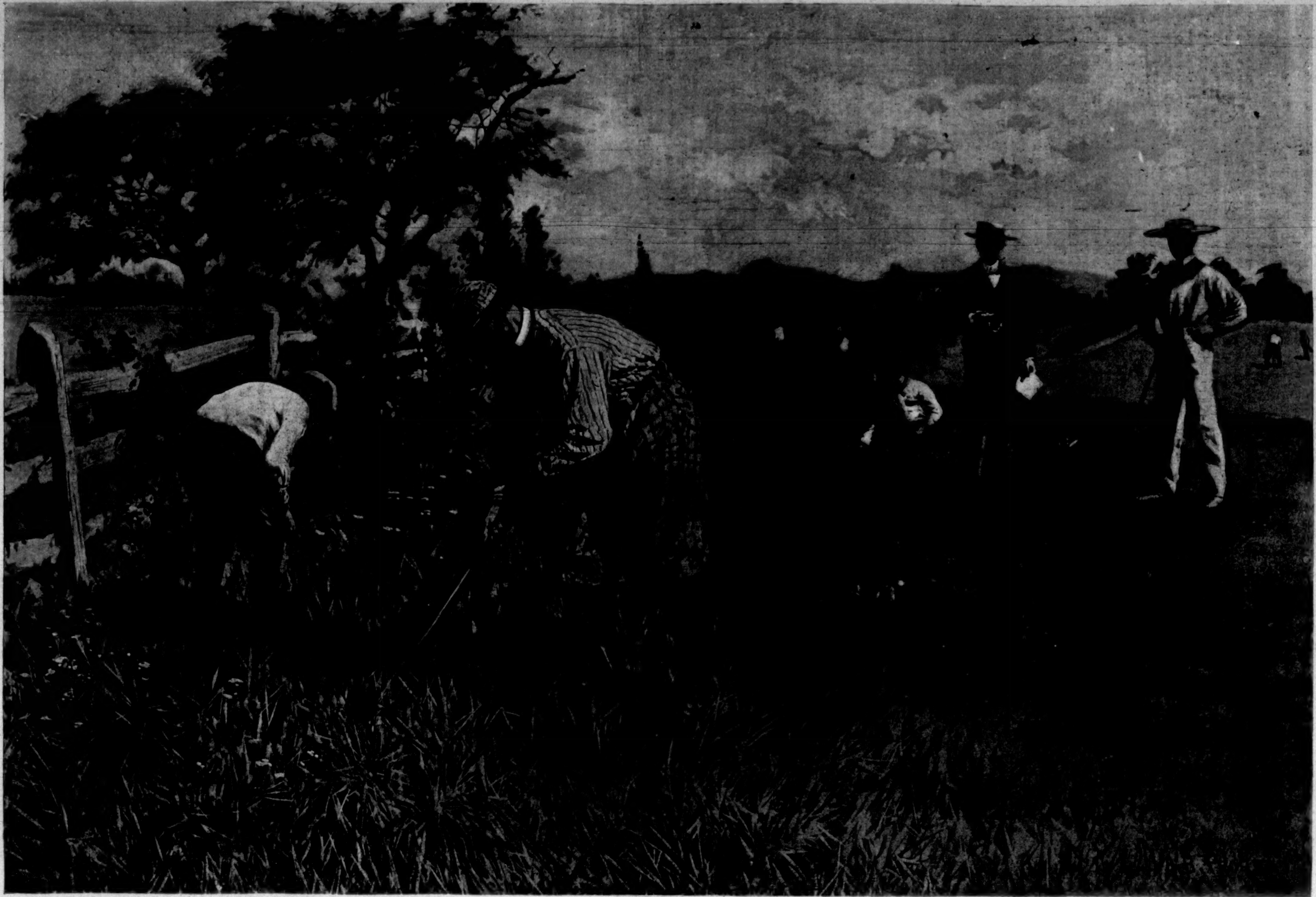


GOVERNOR JOHN R. TANNER.



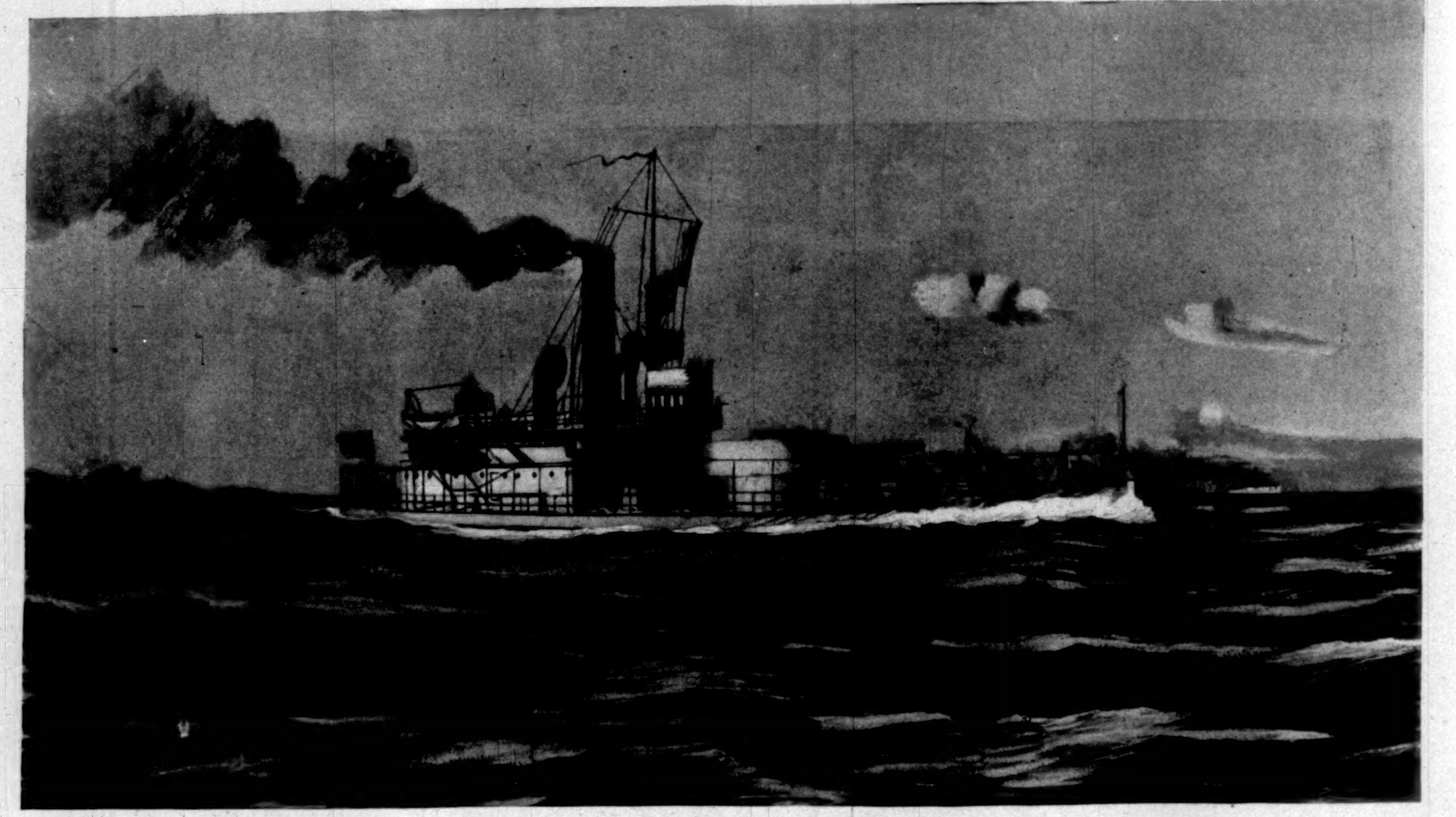
EXTERIOR VIEW OF STOCKADE AT VIRDEN, SHOWING MAIN TRACK OF CHICAGO AND ALTON RAILROAD.

THE SCENE OF THE ILLINOIS LABOR TROUBLES.—PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."



TOURNAMENT DAY.

THE LOST BALL.—TIME'S ALMOST UP.—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.



THE NEW SINGLE-TURRET MONITORS LATELY AUTHORIZED BY CONGRESS.
DRAWN FROM THE PLANS BY R. G. SKERRETT.

NEW HARBOR-DEFENCE VESSELS.

THE SINGLE-TURRET MONITORS "ARKANSAS," "CONNECTICUT," "FLORIDA," AND "WYOMING."

WHILE the Monitor is not the all-around superior fighting-machine claimed by some of its advocates, the order is one singularly adapted for special service, and within those limitations is more than a match, weight for weight, for any craft an enemy may bring to bear upon our coast.

Long before the lessons of the late conflict had been brought home to us—yes, even before the struggle had fairly begun—Congress made provision for four harbor-defence vessels of the Monitor type; and while experience has shown the ships unfitted for that cruiser service into which they were pressed through stress of circumstances, still the Monitor remains the ideal vessel for the inner line of coast defence, and the wisdom of Congress in ordering them is justified.

Every one familiar with the type knows that it is characterized, first, by low freeboard—*i.e.*, height of hull above-water; second, by an all-around fire of powerful guns; and third, by massive armor protection for all exposed vital parts. In theory, the vessel seems to be the perfected type of heavy fighting-ship, and so she is in smooth water; but as a good gun platform in a fair seaway she is a failure, notwithstanding the fact that she is as seaworthy and buoyant as a duck. A good gun platform is a craft such as rolls easily and slowly—one, in fact, that trenches so far upon instability that her recovery is gradual. The natural buoyancy of the Monitor, because of her low free-board and limited top hamper, causes her to recover with wonderful quickness and to make accurate gun-fire in only a fair-sized sea a matter of chance pure and simple. The results of their recent service has emphasized all this, and, too, has shown them to be very wearing upon both officers and crew when kept continually steaming with hatches battened down in Southern waters.

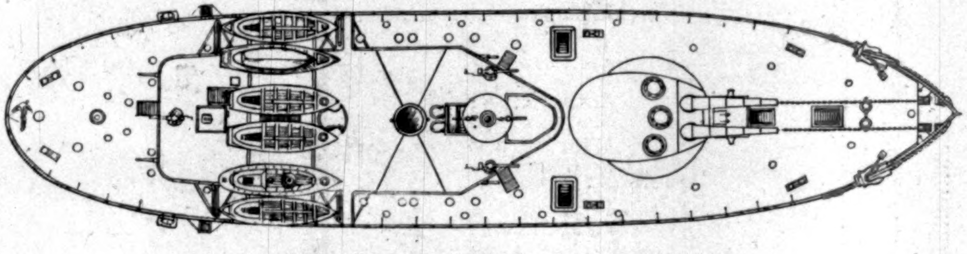
The provision for these new vessels has required them to be for harbor defence only, and as such the ships have been especially designed from a fighting point of view, while retaining all of the peculiar sea-going qualities of the type.

The vessels will be 225 feet long on the water line, with a powerful ram belowwater, will have a maximum beam of 50 feet, and, upon a normal displacement of 2700 tons, will draw only 12½ feet of water.

As usual, the hull will be of steel, with a double, or inner, bottom extending practically from stem to stern, and the common general system of water-tight subdivisioning of the whole interior. An extensive pumping and draining plant will connect with all of the main water-tight compartments, and be ample guard against either fire or the damage of normal accidents of action.

This hull will be protected from gun-fire by a continuous belt of armor reaching from two and a half feet below the water-line up to the height of the main-deck—the one principal deck aboveboard. This armor will have a maximum thickness of eleven inches abreast the boilers, engines, and magazines, tapering thence to five inches at the bow and stern. The armor will be treated by the new Krupp process, which has already been found to be considerably superior, defensively, to that heretofore treated by the Harvey method. The main-deck, which, in fact, becomes the protective deck, will consist of two thicknesses of three-quarter-inch plating of nickel steel, and will be proof against practically all plunging shot to which it may be exposed. This deck will have the usual covering of wood planking.

The vessels will have twin screws, worked by two three-cylinder triple-expansion engines quartered in one water-tight compartment. These engines, together with those of the circulating pumps, will have a collective indicated horse-power of quite 2400 when making 200 revolutions a minute, and inducing a speed of twelve knots an hour. Steam, at a working pressure of 250 pounds, will be supplied by four water-tube boilers placed in a common water-tight compartment. Every possible provision has been made to make life in the fire-rooms tolerable when under pressure, and the single big armored ventilator will be the principal air-duct for both the boiler and the engine rooms. The two smaller ventilators just forward of the smoke-stack will answer the double purpose of ash-hoists and supplemental ventilation for the fire-room. The space between the double casings of the smoke-stack will also form a convenient escape for hot air from the boiler region, and armor protection about the stack to a height of four feet above the main-deck line will guard against injury threatening suffocation to those below.



DECK PLAN, NEW HARBOR-DEFENCE VESSELS.

A coal-supply, loosely stowed, of quite 200 tons will be carried; and that will be sufficient for a considerable radius of action along our coast-line.

Wood-work will be reduced to a minimum, and, with the exception of decks, will be fire-proofed. Linoleum will take the place of planking on all but the main, superstructure, and bridge decks, which are exposed to the weather.

The ships will be lighted by electricity, and extensively ventilated by a system of blowers, promising tolerable conditions betweendecks when the hatches are battened down through stress of weather. The hatchways on the main-deck without the superstructure are all raised to a considerable height, that they may be left open even when the deck forward is covered by light seas coming aboard. This will also make the living-spaces more comfortable under normal conditions, while the more general use of electricity will do away with the heating incident to long lines of steam-pipes.

The armament of each vessel will consist of two 12-inch guns, four 4-inch rapid-fire rifles, three 6-pounders, and four automatic 1-pounder pieces.

The two 12-inch guns will be placed in a single-balanced turret having an arc of train of 300 degrees. The turret and barbette armor will be eleven inches thick, and will be treated by the Krupp process. The deflective face of the turret will have an incline of 42 degrees, giving it the defensive virtues of plating considerably thicker. The turret-turning gear, the ammunition-hoists, the rammers, and the elevating mechanisms will be run by electricity. The ventilating apparatus will be actuated by the same energy.

The four 4-inch rifles will be mounted in the superstructure at the four corners, where they will have commanding positions. The 12-inch and the 4-inch guns will be built to use smokeless powder, which will at once make them vastly superior to any pieces of native manufacture and of like calibre now in our service.

The 6-pounders and the 1-pounder automatic guns will be placed on the hammock berthing, on the bridge-deck, and up in the top of the single military mast. Besides carrying the guns and the search-light, the mast will serve the purpose of an air-duct, and will feed the fo ward part of the ship accordingly.

The vessels will have docking keels, which, incidentall will serve in part the purpose of bilge keels, and add co siderably to the steadiness of the ships in a seaway, ma ing them just that much superior to the other vessels the Monitor type now in service.

Comfortable and commodious quarters are provide for a captain, six other officers, and a crew of about 1 persons, and every convenience has been added to ove come the hardships heretofore common to the Monito type of ship.

The vessels were really inspired by the needs of th naval militia, and as annual training-schools for th growing branch of our defences will serve a valuab purpose while obviating the detail, as heretofore, of ship required for other duty. The batteries of these Monito will cover all the instruction needed, from a battle-shi down to a torpedo-boat, save in that of torpedo duty onl while in other directions they will meet the whole scop of a practical education in naval warfare.

Bids for these vessels, ranging from $825,000 up t $875,000 apiece, have been accepted, and the four vesse will be built, one by the Union Iron Works of San Fra cisco; one by the Newport News Ship-building and Dry dock Company of Newport News, Virginia; one by th Bath Iron Works of Bath, Maine; and one by Lew Nixon, of Elizabethport, New Jersey.

WHEN THE REGIMENT CAME BACK.

ALL the uniforms were blue, all the swords and rifl
new,
When the regiment went marching down the street
All the men were hale and strong as they proudly move
along
Through the cheers that drowned the music of the
feet.
Oh the music of their feet keeping time to drums th
beat,
Oh the glitter and the splendor of the sight:
As with swords and rifles new, and in uniforms of blu
The Regiment went marching to the fight.

When the Regiment came back all the guns and sword
were black,
And the uniforms had faded into gray.
And the faces of the men who marched through th
street again
Seemed like faces of the dead who lose their way.
For the dead who lose their way cannot look mo
gaunt or gray—
Oh the sorrow and the anguish of the sight.
Oh the weary lagging feet out of step with drums th
beat,
When the Regiment came marching from the fight.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE AWKWARD AGE.*

A Novel.

BY HENRY JAMES,

AUTHOR OF "DAISY MILLER," "AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE," ETC.

X.

IF Mitchy arrived exactly at the hour, it was quite by design and on a calculation—over and above the little pleasure it might give him—of ten minutes clear with his host, whom it rarely befell him to see alone. He had a theory of something special to go into, of a plummet to drop or a feeler to put forth; his state of mind, in short, was diplomatic and anxious. But his hopes had a drop as he crossed the threshold; his precaution had only assured him the company of a stranger—the person in the room, and to whom the servant announced him, was not old Van. On the other hand this gentleman would be clearly old—what was it? the fellow Vanderbank had made it a matter of such importance he should "really know." But were they simply to have tea there together? No; the candidate for Mr. Mitchett's acquaintance, as if quickly guessing his apprehension, mentioned on the spot that their entertainer would be with them: he had just come home in a hurry, fearing he was late, and then had rushed off to make a change. "Fortunately," said the speaker, who offered his explanation as if he had had it on his mind—"fortunately the ladies haven't yet come."

"Oh, there *are* to be ladies?" Mr. Mitchett genially replied.

His fellow-guest, who was shy and apparently nervous, sidled about a little, swinging an eye-glass, yet glancing, in a manner a trifle birdlike, from object to object. "Mrs. Edward Brookenham, I think."

"Oh!" Mitchy himself felt, as soon as this comment had quitted his lips, that it might sound even to a stranger like a sign, such as the votaries of Mrs. Edward Brookenham had fallen into the way of constantly throwing off, that he recognized her hand in the matter. There was, however, something in Mr. What-was-his-name's face that somehow encouraged frankness; it had the sociability of surprise—it hadn't the chill. Mitchy saw, at the same time, that this friend of old Van's would never really understand him; though that was a thing he at times liked people as much for as he liked them little for it at others. It was in fact when he most liked that he was on the whole most tempted to mystify. "Only Mrs. Brook?—no others?"

"'Mrs. Brook'?" his friend echoed. He had stared an instant, as if literally missing the connection; but quickly after, to show he was not stupid—and indeed it seemed to show he was delightful—had smiled with extravagant intelligence. "Is that the right thing to say?"

Mitchy gave the kindest of laughs. "Well, I dare say I oughtn't to."

"Oh, I didn't mean to correct you," his interlocutor hastened to profess; "I meant, on the contrary, will it be right for me too?"

Mitchy's great goggle attentively fixed him. "Try it."

"To *her?*"

"To every one."

"To her husband?"

"Oh, to Edward," Mitchy laughed again, "perfectly!"

"And must I call him 'Edward'?"

"Whatever you do will be right," Mitchy returned—"even though it happen to be sometimes what *I* do."

His companion, as if to look at him with a due appreciation of this, stopped swinging the nippers and put them on. "You people here have a pleasant way—"

"Oh, we *have!*"—Mitchy, taking him up, was gayly emphatic. He began, however, already to perceive the mystification which in this case was to be his happy effect.

"Mr. Vanderbank," his victim remarked, with perhaps a shade more of reserve, "has told me a good deal about you." Then as if, in a finer manner, to keep the talk off themselves: "He knows a great many ladies."

"Oh yes, poor chap, he can't help it. He finds a lady wherever he turns."

The stranger took this in, but seemed a little to challenge it. "Well, that's reassuring, if one sometimes fancies there are fewer."

"Fewer than there used to be?—I see what you mean," said Mitchy. "But if it has struck you so, that's awfully interesting." He glared and grinned and mused. "I wonder."

"Well, we shall see." His friend seemed to wish not to dogmatize.

"*Shall* we?" Mitchy considered it again in its high suggestive light. "*You* will—but how shall I?" Then he caught himself up with a blush. "What a beastly thing to say—as if it were mere years that have shown it!"

His companion, this time, gave way to the joke. "What else can it be—if *I've* thought so?"

"Why, it's the facts themselves, and the fine taste, and above all something *qui ne court pas les rues*, an approach to some experience of what a lady is." The young man's acute reflection appeared suddenly to flower into a vision of opportunity that swept everything else away. "Excuse my insisting on your time of life—but you *have* seen some?" The question was of such interest that he had already begun to follow it. "Oh, the charm of talk with some one who can meet one's conception of the really distinguished women of the past! If I could get you," he continued, "to be so awfully valuable as to meet mine!"

His fellow-visitor, on this, made, in a pause, a nearer approach to visibly taking his measure. "Are you sure you've got one?"

Mr. Mitchett brightly thought. "No. That must be just why I appeal to you. And it can't therefore be for confirmation, can it?" he went on. "It must therefore be for the beautiful primary hint altogether."

His interlocutor began, with a shake of the eye-glass, to shift and sidle again, as if distinctly excited by the subject. But it was as if his very excitement made him a trifle coy. "Are there no nice ones now?"

"Oh yes, there must be lots. In fact I know quantities."

This had the effect of pulling the stranger up. "Ah, 'quantities'! There it is."

"Yes," said Mitchy, "fancy the 'lady' in her millions! Have you come up to London, wondering, as you must, about what's happening—for Vanderbank mentioned, I think, that you *have* come up—in pursuit of her?"

"Ah," laughed the subject of Vanderbank's information, "I'm afraid 'pursuit,' with me, is over."

"Why, you're at the age," Mitchy returned, "of the most exquisite form of it. Observation!"

"Yet it's a form, I seem to see, that you've not waited for my age to cultivate!" This was followed by a decisive head-shake. "I'm not an observer. I'm a hater."

"That only means," Mitchy explained, "that you keep your observation for your likes—which is more admirable than prudent. But between my fear in the one direction and my desire in the other," he lightly added, "I scarcely know how to present myself. I must study the ground. Meanwhile *has* old Van told you much about me?"

Old Van's possible confidant, instead of immediately answering, again assumed the *pince-nez*. "Is that what you call him?"

"In general, I think—for shortness."

"And also"—the speaker hesitated—"for esteem?"

Mitchy laughed out. "For veneration! Our disrespects, I think, are all tender, and we wouldn't for the world do to a person we *don't* like anything so nice as to call him, or even to call *her*, don't you know—?"

His questioner had quickly looked as if he knew. "Something pleasant and vulgar?"

Mitchy's gayety deepened. "That discrimination is our only austerity. You must fall in."

"Then what will you call me?"

"What *can* we?" After which, sustainingly, "*I'm* 'Mitchy,'" our friend revealed.

His interlocutor looked slightly queer. "I don't think I can quite begin. I'm Mr. Longdon," he almost blushed to articulate.

"Absolutely and essentially—that's exactly what I recognize. I defy any one to see you," Mitchy declared, "as anything else, and on that footing you'll be, among us, unique."

Mr. Longdon appeared to accept his prospect of isolation with a certain gravity. "I gather from you—I've gathered indeed from Mr. Vanderbank—that you're a little sort of a set that hang very much together."

"Oh yes; not a formal association, nor a secret society—still less a 'dangerous gang,' or an organization for any definite end. We're simply a collection of natural affinities," Mitchy explained; "meeting perhaps principally in Mrs. Brook's drawing-room—though sometimes also in old Van's, as you see, sometimes even in mine—and governed at any rate everywhere by Mrs. Brook, in our mysterious ebbs and flows, very much as the tides are governed by the moon. As I say," Mitchy pursued, "you must join. But if Van has got hold of you," he added, "or you've got hold of him, you *have* joined. We're not quite so numerous as I could wish, and we want variety; we want just what I'm sure you'll bring us—a fresh eye, an outside mind."

Mr. Longdon wore for a minute the air of a man knowing but too well what it was to be asked to put down his name. "My friend Vanderbank swaggers so little that it's rather from you than from himself that I seem to catch the idea—"

"Of his being a great figure among us? I don't know what he may have said to you, or have suppressed; but you may take it from me—as between ourselves, you know—that he's very much the best of us. Old Van, in fact—if you really want a candid opinion," and Mitchy shone still brighter as he talked, "is formed for a distinctly higher sphere. I should go so far as to say that on our level he's positively wasted."

"And are you very sure you're not?" Mr. Longdon asked with a smile.

"Dear no—I'm in my element. My element is to grovel before Van. You've only to look at me, as you must already have made out, to see I'm everything dreadful that he isn't. But you've seen him for yourself—I needn't tell you!" Mitchy ejaculated.

Mr. Longdon, as if under the coercion of so much confidence, had stood in place longer than for any previous moment, and the spell continued for a minute after Mitchy had paused. Then nervously, abruptly, he turned away, and his friend watched him rather aimlessly wander. "Our host has spoken of you to me in high terms," he said as he came back. "You would have no fault to find with them."

Mitchy took it with his highest light. "I know, from your taking the trouble to remember that, how much what I've said of him pleases and touches you. We're a little sort of a set then, you and I; we're an organization of two, at any rate, and we can't help ourselves. There—that's settled." He glanced at the clock on the chimney. "But what's the matter with him?"

"You gentlemen dress so much," said Mr. Longdon.

Mitchy met the explanation quite half-way. "*I* try to look funny—but why should Apollo in person?"

Mr. Longdon weighed it. "Do you think him like Apollo?"

"The very image. Ask any of the women!"

"But do *they* know—?"

"How Apollo must look?" Mitchy considered. "Why, the way it works is that it's just from Van's appearance they get the tip, and that then, don't you see? they've their term of comparison. Isn't it what you call a vicious circle? I borrow a little their vice."

Mr. Longdon, who had once more been arrested, once more sidled away. Then he spoke from the other side of the expanse of a table covered with books for which the shelves had no space—covered with portfolios, with well-worn leather-cased boxes, with documents in neat piles. The place was a miscellany, yet not a litter, the picture of an admirable order. "If we're an association of two, you and I, let me, accepting your idea, do what, this way, under a gentleman's roof and while enjoying his hospitality, I should in ordinary circumstances think perhaps something of a breach."

"Oh, strike out!" Mitchy laughed. It possibly chilled his interlocutor, who again hung fire so long that he himself at last adopted his image. "Why doesn't he marry, you mean?"

Mr. Longdon fairly flushed with recognition. "You're very deep, but with what we perceive—why doesn't he?"

Mitchy continued, visibly, to have his amusement, which might have been, this time, and in spite of the amalgamation he had pictured, for what "they" perceived. But he threw off after an instant an answer clearly intended to meet the case. "He thinks he hasn't the means. He has great ideas of what a fellow must offer a woman."

Mr. Longdon's eyes travelled awhile over the amenities about him. "He hasn't such a view of himself alone—"

"As to make him think he's enough as he stands? No," said Mitchy, "I don't fancy he has a very awful view of himself alone. And since we *are* burning this incense under his nose," he added, "it's also my impression that he has no private means. Women in London want so much."

Mr. Longdon was silent a little. "A very great deal, I dare say."

"Oh, a tremendous lot. They want everything. I mean the sort of women he lives with. A modest man—who's also poor—isn't in it. I give you that, at any rate, as his view. There are lots of them that would—and only too glad—'love him for himself'; but things are much mixed, and these not necessarily the right ones, and at all events he doesn't see it. The result of which is that he's waiting."

"Waiting to feel himself in love?"

Mitchy just hesitated. "Well, we're talking of marriage. Of course you'll say there are women with money. There *are*"—he seemed for a moment to meditate—"dreadful ones!"

The two men, on this, exchanged a long regard. "He mustn't do that."

Mitchy again hesitated. "He won't."

Mr. Longdon had also a silence, which he presently terminated by one of his jerks into motion. "He sha'n't!"

Once more Mitchy watched him revolve a little, but now, familiarly, yet with a sharp emphasis, he himself resumed their colloquy. "See here, Mr. Longdon. Are you seriously taking him up?"

Once more, at the tone of this appeal, the old man perceptibly colored. It was as if his friend had brought to the surface an inward excitement, and he laughed for embarrassment. "You see things with a freedom—!"

"Yes, and it's so I express them. I see them, I know, with a *raccourci;* but time, after all, rather presses, and at any rate we understand each other. What I want now is just to say"—and Mitchy spoke with a simplicity and a gravity he had not yet used—"that if your interest in him should at any time reach the point of your wishing to do something or other (no matter what, don't you see?) *for* him—"

Mr. Longdon, as he faltered, appeared to wonder, but emitted a sound of gentleness. "Yes?"

"Why," said the stimulated Mitchy, "do, for God's sake, just let me have a finger in it."

Mr. Longdon's momentary mystification was perhaps partly but the natural effect of constitutional prudence. "A finger?"

"I mean—let me help."

"Oh!" breathed the old man thoughtfully and without meeting his eyes.

Mitchy, as if with more to say, watched him an instant; then, before speaking, caught himself up. "Look out—here he comes."

Hearing the stir of the door by which he had entered, he looked round; but it opened at first only to admit Vanderbank's servant. "Miss Brookenham!" the man announced; on which the two gentlemen in the room were—audibly, almost violently—precipitated into a union of surprise.

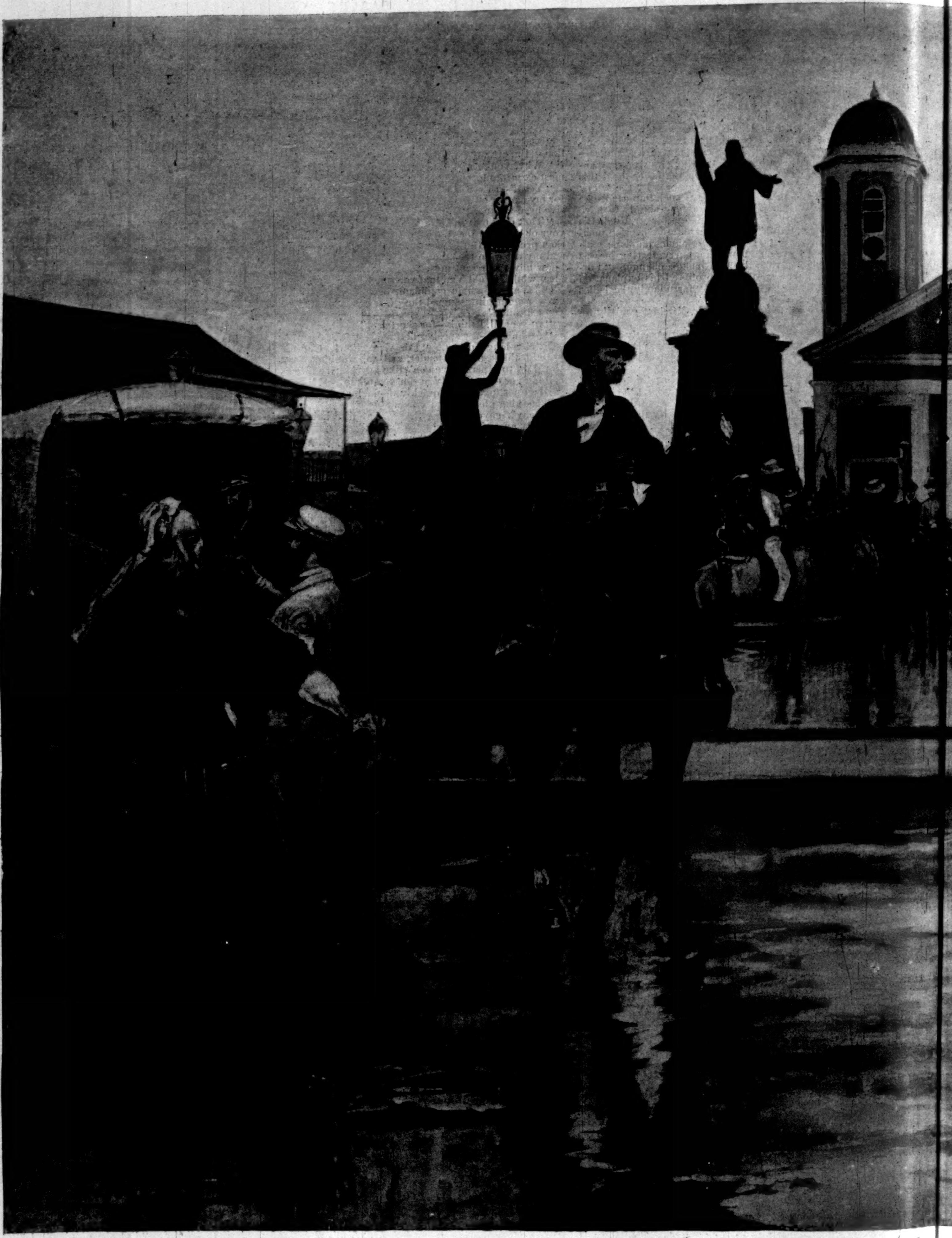
XI.

Whatever she was, it would have seemed, Nanda was not easily abashed, for, though she drew up an instant on failing to find in the room the person whose invitation she had obeyed, she advanced the next moment as if either of the gentlemen before her would answer as well. "How do you do Mr. Mitchy? How do you do Mr. Longdon?" She made no difference for them, speaking to the elder, whom she had not yet seen, as if they were already acquainted. There was, moreover, in the air of that personage at this juncture little to invite such a confidence: he appeared to have been startled, in the oddest manner, into stillness, and holding out no hand to meet her, only stared rather stiffly and without a smile. An observer disposed to interpret the scene might have fancied him a trifle put off by the girl's familiarity, or even, as by a singular effect of her self-possession, stricken into deeper diffidence. This self-possession, however, took, on her own part, no account of any awkwardness; it seemed the greater from the fact that she was almost unnaturally grave; and it overflowed in the immediate challenge, "Do you mean to say Van isn't here?—I've come without mother—she said I could, to see *him*," she went on, addressing herself more particularly to Mitchy. "But she didn't say I might do anything of that sort to see *you*."

If there was something serious in Nanda and something blank in their companion, there was, superficially at least, nothing in Mr. Mitchett but his usual flush of gayety. "Did she really send you off, this way, alone?" Then while the girl's face met his own with the clear confession of it, "Isn't she too splendid for anything?" he asked with immense enjoyment. "What do you suppose is her

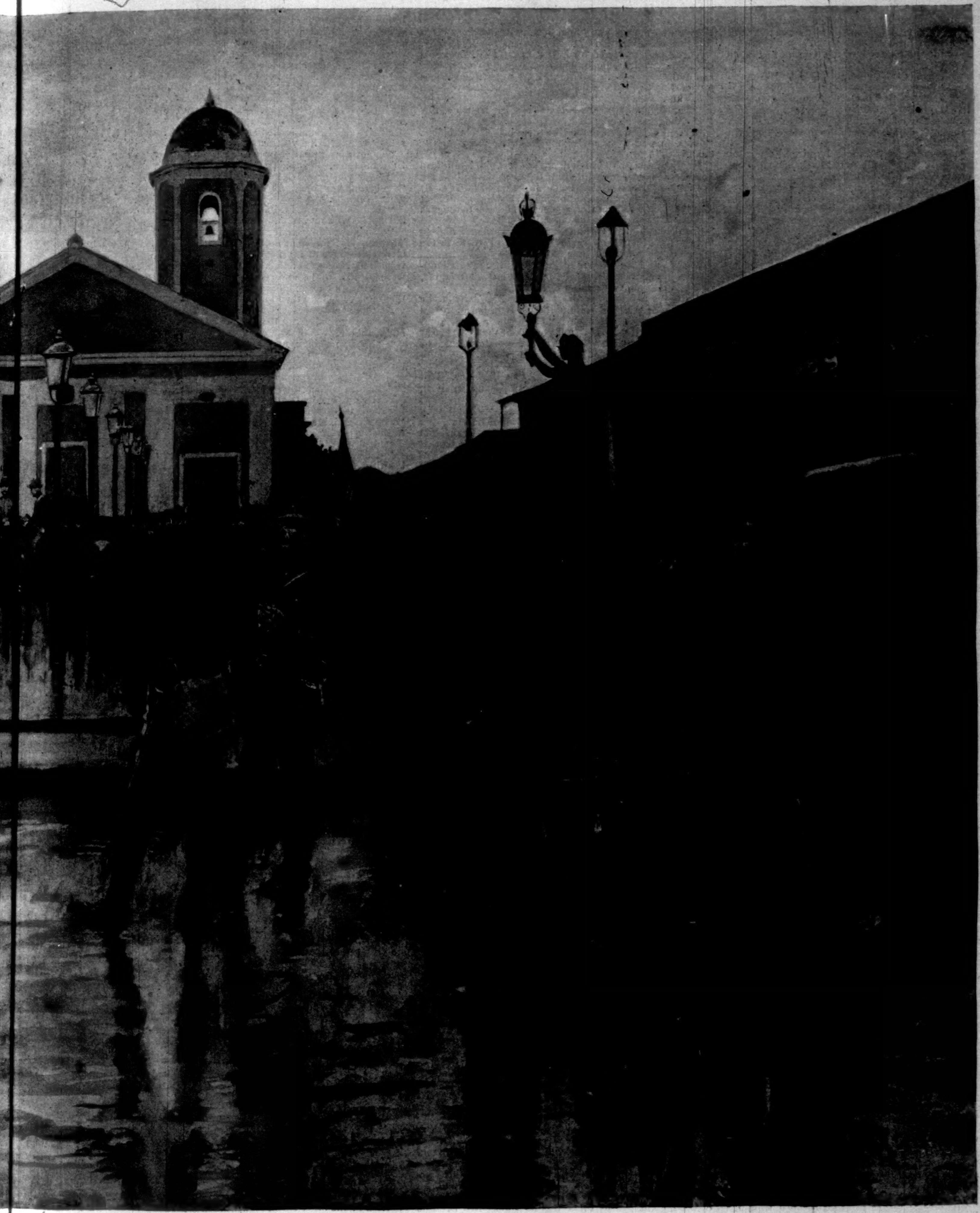
---

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2180.



SCHWAN'S REGULARS ON THE PL

DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM, SPECIAL



E PLAZA AT MAYAGUEZ, PUERTO RICO.

PECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

idea?" Nanda's eyes had now turned to Mr. Longdon, whom she fixed with her mild straightness; which led to Mitchy's carrying on and repeating the appeal. "Isn't Mrs. Brook charming? What do you suppose is her idea?"

It was a bound into the mystery, a bound of which his fellow-visitor stood quite unconscious, only looking at Nanda still with the same coldness of wonder. All expression had, for the minute, been arrested in Mr. Longdon, but he at last began to show that it had merely been retarded. Yet it was almost with solemnity that he put forth his hand. "How do you do?—how do you do? I'm so glad—!"

Nanda shook hands with him as if she had done so already, though it might have been just her look of curiosity that detracted from her air of amusing herself. "Mother has wanted me awfully to see you. She told me to give you her love," she said. Then she added with odd irrelevance: "I didn't come in the carriage, nor in a cab or an omnibus."

"You came on a bicycle?" Mitchy inquired.

"No, I walked." She still spoke without a gleam. "Mother wants me to do everything."

"Even to walk!" Mitchy laughed. "Oh yes, we must, in these times, keep up our walking!" The ingenious observer just now suggested might even have detected in the still higher rise of this visitor's spirits a want of mere inward ease.

She had taken no notice of the effect upon him of her mention of her mother, and she took none, visibly, of Mr. Longdon's manner or of his words; what she did, while the two men, without offering her, either, a seat, practically lost themselves in their deepening vision, was to give her attention to all the place, looking at the books, pictures and other significant objects, and especially at the small table set out for tea, to which the servant who had admitted her now returned with a steaming kettle. "Isn't it charming here? Will there be any one else? Where *is* Mr. Van? Shall *I* make tea?" There was just a faint quaver, showing a command of the situation more desired perhaps than achieved, in the very rapid sequence of these ejaculations. The servant meanwhile had placed the hot water above the little silver lamp and left the room.

"Do you suppose there's anything the matter? Oughtn't the man—or do you know our host's room?" Mr. Longdon, addressing Mitchy with solicitude, yet began to show, in a countenance less blank, a return of his sense of relations. It was as if something had happened to him and he were in haste to convert the signs of it into an appearance of care for the proprieties.

"Oh," said Mitchy, "Van's only making himself beautiful"—which account of their absent entertainer drew some point from his appearance at the moment in the doorway furthest removed from the place where the three were gathered.

Vanderbank came in with friendly haste and with something of the look indeed—refreshed, almost rosy, brightly brushed and quickly buttoned—of emerging, out of breath, from pleasant ablutions and renewals. "What a brute to have kept you waiting! I come back from work quite begrimed. How d'ye do, how d'ye do, how d'ye do? What's the matter with you, huddled there as if you were on a street-crossing? I want you to think this a refuge—but not of that kind!" he laughed. "Sit down, for Heaven's sake; lie down—be happy! Of course you've made acquaintance all—except that Mitchy's so modest! Tea, tea!"—and he bustled to the table, where, the next minute, he appeared rather helpless. "Nanda, you blessed child, do *you* mind making it! How jolly of you!—are you all right?" He seemed, with this, for the first time, to be aware of somebody's absence. "Your mother isn't coming? She let you come alone? How jolly of her!" Pulling off her gloves, she had come immediately to his assistance; on which, quitting the table and laying hands on Mr. Longdon's shoulders to push him toward a sofa, he continued to talk, to sound a note of which the humor was the exaggeration of his flurry. "How jolly of you to be willing to come—most awfully kind! I hope she isn't ill? Do, Mitchy, lie down. Down, Mitchy, down!—that's the only way to keep you." He had waited for no account of Mrs. Brookenham's health, and it might have been apparent—still to our sharp spectator—that he found nothing wonderful in Nanda's unsupported arrival.

"I can make tea beautifully," she said from behind her table. "Mother showed me how this morning."

"This morning?"—and Mitchy, who, before the fire and still erect, had declined to be laid low, greeted the simple remark with uproarious mirth. "Dear young lady, you're the most delicious family!"

"She showed me at breakfast about the little things to do. She thought I might have to make it here and told me to offer," the girl went on. "I haven't yet done it this way at home—I usually have my tea upstairs. They bring it up in a cup, all made and very weak, with a piece of bread-and-butter in the saucer. That's because I'm so young. Tishy never lets me touch hers, either; so we had to make up for lost time. That's what mother said"—she followed up her story, and her young distinctness had clearly something to do with a certain pale concentration in Mr. Longdon's face. "Mother isn't ill, but she told me already yesterday she wouldn't come. She said it's really all for *me*. I'm sure I hope it is!"—with which there flickered in her eyes, dimly but perhaps all the more prettily, the first intimation they had given of the light of laughter. "She told me you would understand, Mr. Van—from something you've said to her. It's to see Mr. Longdon without—she thinks—her spoiling it."

"Oh, my dear child, 'spoiling it'!" Vanderbank protested as he took a cup of tea from her to carry to their friend. "When did your mother ever spoil anything? I told her Mr. Longdon wanted to see you, but I didn't say anything of his not yearning also for the rest of the family."

A sound of protest rather formless escaped from the gentleman named, but Nanda continued to carry out her duty. "She told me to ask why he hadn't been again to see her. Mr. Mitchy, sugar?—isn't that the way to say it? Three lumps? You're like me, only that I more often take five." Mitchy had dashed forward for his tea; she gave it to him; then she added, with her eyes on Mr. Longdon's, which she had had no difficulty in catching: "She told me to ask you all sorts of things."

The old man had got up to take his cup from Vanderbank, whose hand, however, urged him to sit down again. Mr. Longdon, resisting, kept erect with a low gasp that his host only was near enough to catch. This suddenly appeared to confirm an impression gathered by Vanderbank in their contact, a strange sense that his visitor was so agitated as to be trembling in every limb. It brought to his lips a kind ejaculation—"I *say!*" But even as he spoke, Mr. Longdon's face, still pale, but with a smile that was not all pain, seemed to supplicate him not to notice; and he was not a man to require more than this to achieve a divination as deep as it was rapid. "Why, we've all been scattered for Easter, haven't we?" he asked of Nanda. "Mr. Longdon has been at home, your mother and father have been paying visits, I myself have been out of London, Mitchy has been to Paris, and you—oh yes, I know where you've been."

"Ah, we all know that—there has been such a row made about it!" Mitchy said.

"Yes, I've heard of the feeling there is," Nanda replied. "It's supposed to be awful, my knowing Tishy—quite too awful."

Mr. Longdon, with Vanderbank's covert aid, had begun to appear to have pulled himself together, dropping back upon his sofa and giving some attention to his tea. It might have been with the notion of showing himself at ease that he turned, on this, a benevolent smile to the girl. "But what, my dear, is the objection—?"

She looked gravely from him to Vanderbank and to Mitchy and then back again from one of these to the other. "Do you think I ought to say?"

They both laughed, and they both just appeared uncertain, but Vanderbank spoke first. "I don't imagine, Nanda, that you really know."

"No—as a family, you're perfection!" Mitchy broke out. Before the fire again, with his cup, he addressed his hilarity to Mr. Longdon. "I told you a tremendous lot, didn't I? But I didn't tell you about that."

The old man maintained, yet with a certain vagueness, the attitude of amiable inquiry. "About the—a—family?"

"Well," Mitchy smiled, "about its ramifications. This young lady has a tremendous friendship—and, in short, it's all very complicated."

"My dear Nanda," said Vanderbank, "it's all very simple: don't believe a word of anything of the sort."

He had spoken as with the intention of a large, light optimism; but there was clearly something in the girl that would always make for lucidity. "Do you mean about Carrie Donner? I *don't* believe it, and at any rate I don't think it's any one's business. I shouldn't have a very high opinion of a person who would give up a friend." She stopped short, with the sense apparently that she was saying more than she meant, though, strangely, as if it had been an effect of her type and of her voice, there was neither pertness nor passion in the profession she had just made. Curiously wanting as she seemed both in timidity and in levity, she was to a certainty not self-conscious—she was extraordinarily simple. Mr. Longdon looked at her now with an evident surrender to his extreme interest, and it might well have perplexed him to see her at once so positive and yet of so fresh and sweet a tenderness of youth.

"That's right, that's right, my dear young lady: never, never give up a friend for anything any one says!" It was Mitchy who rang out with this lively wisdom, the action of which on Mr. Longdon—unless indeed it was the action of something else—was to make that personage, in a manner that held the others watching him in a slight suspense, suddenly spring to his feet again, put down his teacup carefully on a table near him and then, without a word, as if no one had been present, quietly wander away and disappear through the door left open on Vanderbank's entrance. It opened into a second, a smaller sitting-room, into which the eyes of his companions followed him.

"What's the matter?" Nanda asked. "Has he been taken ill?"

"He *is* 'rum,' my dear Van," Mitchy said; "but you're right—of a charm, a distinction! In short just the sort of thing we want."

"The sort of thing we 'want'—I dare say!" Vanderbank laughed. "But it's not the sort of thing that's to be had for the asking, and we shall be mighty lucky if we can get it."

Mitchy turned with amusement to Nanda. "Van has invented him, and, with the natural greed of the inventor, won't let us have him cheap. Well," he went on, "I'll pay my share of the expense."

"The difficulty is that he's so much too good for us," Vanderbank explained.

"Ungrateful wretch," his friend cried, "that's just what I've been telling him that *you* are! Let the return you make not be to deprive me—!"

"Mr. Van's not at all too good for *me*, if you mean that," Nanda broke in. She had finished her tea-making and leaned back in her chair with her hands folded on the edge of the tray.

Vanderbank only smiled at her in silence, but Mitchy took it up. "There's nobody too good for you, of course; only you're not quite, don't you know? *in* our set. You're in Mrs. Grendon's. I know what you're going to say—that she hasn't got any set, that she's just a loose little white flower dropped on the indifferent bosom of the world. But you're the small sprig of tender green that, added to her, makes her immediately 'compose'."

Nanda looked at him with her cold kindness. "What nonsense you do talk!"

"Your tone is sweet to me," he returned, "as showing that you don't think *me*, either, too good for you. No one, remember, will take that for your excuse when the world some day sees me annihilated by your having put an end to our so harmless relations."

The girl appeared to lose herself a moment in the abysmal humanity over which his fairly fascinating ugliness played like the whirl of an eddy. "Martyr!" she exclaimed, gently. But there was no smile with it. She turned to Vanderbank, who, during the previous minute, had moved toward the neighboring room, then, hesitating, taking counsel of discretion, had come back a little nervously. "What *is* the matter?"

"What do you want to get out of him, you wretch?" Mitchy went on as their host, for an instant, produced no answer.

Vanderbank, whose handsome face had a thought in it, looked a trifle absently from one of them to the other; but it was to Nanda he spoke. "Do you like him, Nanda?"

She showed surprise at the question. "How can I know so soon?"

"*He* knows already."

Mitchy, with his eyes on her, became radiant to interpret. "He knows that he's pierced to the heart!"

"The matter with him, as you call it," Vanderbank brought out, "is one of the most beautiful things I've ever seen." He looked at her as with a hope that she would understand it. "Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful!"

"Precisely," Mitchy continued, "the victim done for by one glance of the goddess!"

Nanda, motionless in her chair, fixed her other friend with clear curiosity. "'Beautiful'? Why beautiful?"

Vanderbank, about to speak, checked himself. "I won't spoil it. Have it from *him!*"—and, returning to the old man, he this time went out.

Mitchy and Nanda looked at each other. "But isn't it rather awful?" Mitchy demanded.

She got up without answering; she slowly came away from the table. "I think I do know if I like him."

"Well you may," Mitchy exclaimed, "after his putting before you probably, on the whole, the greatest of your triumphs."

"And I also know, I think, Mr. Mitchy, that I like *you*." She spoke without attention to this hyperbole.

"In spite of my ineffectual attempts to be brilliant? That's a joy," he went on, "if it's not drawn out by the mere clumsiness of my flattery." She had turned away from him, kindly enough, as if time for his talk in the air were always to be allowed him; she took in vaguely Vanderbank's books and prints. "Why didn't your mother come?" Mitchy then inquired.

At this she again looked at him. "Do you mention her as a way of alluding to something you guess she must have told me?"

"That I've always supposed I make your flesh creep? Yes," Mitchy admitted; "I see that she must have said to you: 'Be nice to him, to show him it isn't quite so bad as that!' So you *are* nice—so you always *will* be nice. But I adore you, all the same, without illusions."

She had opened, at one of the tables, unperceivingly, a big volume, of which she turned the leaves. "Don't 'adore' a girl, Mr. Mitchy—just help her. That's more to the purpose."

"Help you?" he cried. "You bring tears to my eyes!"

"Can't a girl have friends?" she went on. "I never heard of anything so idiotic." Giving him, however, no chance to take her up on this, she made a quick transition. "Mother didn't come because she wants me now, as she says, more to share her own life."

Mitchy looked at it. "But is this the way for her to share yours?"

"Ah, that's another matter—about which you must talk to *her*. She wants me not, any more, to see only with *her* eyes. She's throwing me into the world."

Mitchy had listened with the liveliest interest, but he presently broke into a laugh. "What a good thing, then, that I'm there to catch you!"

Without—it might have been seen—having gathered the smallest impression of what they enclosed, she carefully drew together again the covers of her folio. There was deliberation in her movements. "I shall always be glad when you're there. But where do you suppose they've gone?" Her eyes were on what was visible of the other room, from which there arrived no sound of voices.

"They are there," said Mitchy, "but simply looking unutterable things about you. The impression's too deep. Let them look, and tell me meanwhile if Mrs. Donner gave you my message."

"Oh yes, she told me some humbug."

"The humbug then was in the tone my perfectly sincere speech took from herself. She gives things, I recognize, rather that sound. It's her weakness," he continued, "and perhaps even, one may say, her danger. All the more reason you should help her, as I believe you're supposed to be doing, aren't you? I hope you feel that you are," he earnestly added.

He had spoken this time gravely enough, and with magnificent gravity Nanda replied. "I *have* helped her. Tishy is sure I have. That's what Tishy wants me for. She says that to be with some nice girl is really the best thing for her."

Poor Mitchy's face, hereupon, would have been interesting, would have been distinctly touching, to other eyes; but Nanda's were not heedful of it. "Oh," he returned after an instant and without profane mirth, "that seems to me the best thing for any one."

Vanderbank, however, might have caught his expression, for Vanderbank now reappeared, smiling on the pair as if struck by their intimacy. "How you *are* keeping it up!" Then to Nanda, persuasively: "Do you mind going to him in there? I want him so really to see you. It's quite, you know, what he came for."

Nanda seemed to wonder. "What will he do to me? Anything dreadful?"

"He'll tell you what I meant just now."

"Oh," said Nanda, "if he's a person who can tell me sometimes what you mean—!" With which she went quickly off.

"And can't *I* hear?" Mitchy asked of his host while they looked after her.

"Yes, but only from me." Vanderbank had pushed him to a seat again, and was casting about for cigarettes. "Be quiet and smoke, and I'll tell you."

Mitchy, on the sofa, received, with meditation, a light. "Will she understand? She has everything in the world but one," he added. "But that's half."

Vanderbank, before him, lighted for himself. "What is it?"

"A touch of humor."

"Oh yes, she's serious."

Mitchy smoked a little. "She's tragic."

His friend, at the fire, watched a moment the empty portion of the other room, then walked across to give the door a light push that all but closed it. "It's rather odd," he remarked as he came back—"that's quite what I just said to him. But he won't invoke the comic sense."

XII.

"Is it the shock of the resemblance to her grandmother?" Vanderbank had asked of Mr. Longdon on rejoining him in his retreat. The old man, with his back turned, was gazing out of the window, and when, in answer, he showed his face, there were tears in his eyes. His answer, in fact, was just these tears, the significance of which Vanderbank immediately recognized. "It's still greater then than you gathered from her photograph."

"It's the most extraordinary thing in the world. I'm too absurd to be so upset"—Mr. Longdon smiled through his tears—"but if you had known Lady Julia you would understand. It's *she* again, as I first knew her, to the life; and not only in feature, in stature, in color, in movement, but in every bodily mark and sign, in every look of the eyes, above all—oh, to a degree!—in the sound, in the charm, of the voice." He spoke low and confidentially, but with an intensity that now relieved him—he was restless in his emotion. He moved about, in his excitement, gently, as if with a sacred awe—as if, but a few steps away, he had been in the very presence. "She's *all* Lady Julia. There isn't a touch of her mother. It's unique—an absolute revival. I see nothing of her father, either—I see nothing of any one else. Isn't it thought wonderful by every one?" he went on. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"To have prepared you a little?"—Vanderbank felt almost guilty. "I see—I should have liked to do so; though," he added, smiling, "I might so, by putting you on your guard, have caused myself to lose what, if you'll allow me to say so, strikes me as one of the most touching tributes I've ever seen rendered to a woman. In fact, however, how could I know? I never saw Lady Julia, and you had, in advance, all the evidence that I could have: the portrait—pretty bad, in the taste of the time, I admit—and the three or four photographs that, with it, you must have noticed at Mrs. Brook's. These things must have compared themselves, for you, with my photograph, in there, of the granddaughter. The similarity, of course, we had all observed, but it has taken your wonderful memory and your admirable vision to put into it all the detail."

Mr. Longdon thought a moment, giving a dab with his pocket-handkerchief. "Very true—you're quite right. It's far beyond any identity in the pictures. But why did you tell me," he added more sharply, "that she isn't beautiful?"

"You've deprived me," Vanderbank laughed, "of the power of expressing civilly any surprise at your finding her so. But I said to you, please remember, nothing that qualified a jot my sense of the curious character of her face. I have always positively found in it a recall of the type of the period you must be thinking of. It isn't a bit modern. It's a face of Sir Thomas Lawrence—"

"It's a face of Gainsborough!" Mr. Longdon returned with spirit. "Lady Julia herself harked back."

Vanderbank, clearly, was equally touched and amused. "Let us say at once that it's a face of Raphael."

His old friend's hand was instantly on his arm. "That's exactly what I often said to myself of Lady Julia's."

"The forehead's a little too high," said Vanderbank.

"But it's just that excess, that, with the exquisite eyes and the particular disposition, round it, of the fair hair, makes the individual grace, makes the beauty of the reminder."

On his letting go of Vanderbank's arm the young man held him, as an encouragement to confidence, by his own. "It's a face that should have the long side-ringlets of 1830. It should have the rest of the personal arrangement, the pelisse, the shape of bonnet, the sprigged muslin dress and the cross-laced sandals. It should have arrived in a pea-green 'tilbury,' and it should be a reader of Mrs. Radcliffe. And all this to complete the Raphael!"

Mr. Longdon, who, relieved by expression, had begun to recover himself, looked hard a moment at his companion. "How you've observed her!"

Vanderbank met it without confusion. "Whom haven't I observed? Do you like her?" he then rather oddly and abruptly asked.

The old man broke away again. "How can I tell—with such disparities?"

"The manner must be different," Vanderbank suggested. "And the things she says."

His visitor was before him again. "I don't know what to make of them. They don't go with the rest of her. Lady Julia," said Mr. Longdon, "was rather shy."

On this too his host could meet him. "She must have been. And Nanda—yes, certainly—doesn't give that impression."

"On the contrary. But Lady Julia was gay!" he added, with an eagerness that made Vanderbank smile.

"I can also see that. Nanda doesn't joke. And yet," the young man continued with his exemplary candor, "we mustn't speak of her, must we? as if she were bold and grim."

Mr. Longdon fixed him. "Do you think she's sad?"

They had preserved their dropped tone and might, with their heads together, have been conferring as the party "out" in some game with the couple in the other room. "Yes. Sad." But Vanderbank broke off. "I'll send her to you." Thus it was he had come back to her.

Nanda, on joining Mr. Longdon, went straight to the point. "He says it's so beautiful—what you feel on seeing me: if that *is* what he meant." The old man said nothing again, at first; he only smiled at her, but less strangely now, and then appeared to look about him for some place where she could sit near him. There was a sofa in this room too, on which, observing it, she quickly sank down, so that they were presently together, placed a little sideways and face to face. She had shown perhaps that she supposed him to have wished to take her hand, but he forbore to touch her, only letting her feel all the kindness of his eyes and their long, backward vision. These things she evidently felt soon enough; she went on before he had spoken. "I know how well you knew my grandmother. Mother has told me—and I'm so glad. She told me to say to you that she wants *you* to tell me." Just a shade, at this, might, over the old man's face, have appeared to drop; but who was there to detect whether the girl observed it? It didn't prevent, at any rate, her completing her statement. "That's why, to-day, she wished me to come alone. She wished you to have me, she said, all to yourself."

No, decidedly, she was not shy: that mute reflection was in the air an instant. "That, no doubt, is the best way. I thank her very much. I called, after having had the honor of dining—I called, I think, three times," he went on, with a sudden displacement of the question; "but I had the misfortune, each time, to miss her."

She kept looking at him with her intense young clearness. "I didn't know about that. Mother thinks she's more at home than almost any one. She does it on purpose: she knows what it is," Nanda pursued, with her perfect gravity, "for people to be disappointed of finding her."

"Oh, I shall find her yet," said Mr. Longdon. "And then I hope I shall also find *you*."

She appeared simply to consider the possibility and, after an instant, to think well of it. "I dare say you will now, for now I shall be down."

Her companion just blinked. "In the drawing-room, you mean—always?"

It was quite what she meant. "Always. I shall see all the people who come. It will be a great thing for me. I want to hear all the talk. Mr. Mitchett says I ought to—that it helps to form the young mind. I hoped, for that reason," she went on, with the directness that made her honesty almost violent—"I hoped there would be more people here to-day."

"I'm very glad there are not"—the old man rang equally clear. "Mr. Vanderbank kindly arranged the matter for me just this way. I met him at dinner, at your mother's, three weeks ago, and he brought me home here that night, when, as knowing you so differently, we took the liberty of talking you all over. It had the effect, naturally, of making me want to begin with you afresh—only that seemed difficult too without further help. This he good-naturedly offered me; he said"—and Mr. Longdon recovered his spirits to repeat it—"'Hang it, I'll have them here for you!'"

"I see—he knew we would come." Then she caught herself up. "But we haven't come, have we?"

"Oh, it's all right—it's all right. To me the occasion is brilliant and the affluence great. I've had such talk with those young men—"

"I see"—she was again prompt, but beyond any young person he had ever met she might have struck him as literal. "You're not used to such talk. Neither am I. It's rather wonderful, isn't it? They're thought awfully clever, Mr. Van and Mr. Mitchy. Do you like them?" she pushed on.

Mr. Longdon, who, as compared with her, might have struck a spectator as infernally subtle, took an instant to think. "I've never met Mr. Mitchett before."

"Well, he always thinks one doesn't like him," Nanda explained. "But one does. One ought to," she added.

Her companion had another pause. "He likes *you*."

Oh, Mr. Longdon needn't have hesitated! "I know he does. He has told mother. He has told lots of people."

"He has told even you," Mr. Longdon smiled.

"Yes—but that isn't the same. I don't think he's a bit dreadful," she pursued. Still, there was a greater interest. "Do you like Mr. Van?"

This time her interlocutor indeed hung fire. "How can I tell? He dazzles me."

"But don't you like that?" Then before he could really say: "You're afraid he may be false?"

At this he fairly laughed. "You go to the point!" She just colored, to have amused him so, but he quickly went on: "I think one has a little natural nervousness at being carried off one's feet. I'm afraid I've always liked too much to see where I'm going."

"And you don't, with him?" She spoke with her curious, hard interest. "I understand. But I think I like to be dazzled."

"Oh, you've got time—you can come round again; you've a margin for accidents, for disappointments and recoveries; you can take one thing with another. But I've only my last little scrap."

"And you want to make no mistakes—I see."

"Well—I'm too easily upset."

"Ah, so am I," said Nanda. "I assure you that, in spite of what you say, I want to make no mistakes either. I've seen a great many—though you mightn't think it," she persisted; "I really know what they may be. Do you like *me*?" she brought forth. But even on this she spared him too; a look appeared to have been enough for her. "How can you say, of course, already?—if you can't say for Mr. Van. I mean as you've seen him so much. When he asked me just now if I liked *you*, I told him it was too soon. But it isn't now; you see it goes fast. I *do* like you." She gave him no time to acknowledge this tribute, but, as if it were a matter of course, tried him quickly with something else. "Can you say if you like mother?"

He could meet it pretty well now. "There are immense reasons why I should."

"Yes—I know about them, as I mentioned: mother has told me." But what she had to put to him kept up his surprise. "Have reasons anything to do with it? I don't believe you like her!" she exclaimed. "*She* doesn't think so," she added.

The old man's face, at last, partly bewildered, partly reassured, showed even more something finer still in the effect she produced. "Into what mysteries you plunge!"

"Oh, we do; that's what every one says of us. We discuss everything and every one—we're always discussing each other. I think we must be rather celebrated for it, and it's a kind of trick—isn't it?—that's catching. But don't you think it's the most interesting sort of talk? Mother says we haven't any prejudices. *You* have, probably, quantities—and beautiful ones: so perhaps I oughtn't to tell you. But you'll find out for yourself."

"Yes—I'm rather slow; but I generally end by finding out. And I've got, thank Heaven," said Mr. Longdon, "plenty of prejudices."

"Then I hope you'll tell me some of them," Nanda replied, in a tone evidently marking how much he pleased her.

"Ah, you must do as *I* do—you must find out for yourself. Your resemblance to your grandmother is quite prodigious," he immediately added.

"That's what I wish you'd tell me about—your recollection of her, and your wonderful feeling about her. Mother has told me things, but that I should have something straight from you is exactly what she also wants. My grandmother must have been awfully nice," the girl rambled on, "and I somehow don't see myself at all as the same sort of person."

"Oh, I don't say you're in the least the same sort: all I allude to," Mr. Longdon returned, "is the miracle of the physical heredity. Nothing could be less like her than your manner and your talk."

Nanda looked at him with all her honesty. "They're not so good, you must think."

He hung fire an instant, but was as honest as she. "You're separated from her by a gulf—and not only of time. Personally, you see, you breathe a different air."

She thought—she quite took it in. "Of course. And you breathe the same—the same old one, I mean, as my grandmother."

"The same old one," Mr. Longdon smiled, "as much as possible. Some day I'll tell you more of what you desire. I can't go into it now."

"Because I've upset you so?" Nanda frankly asked.

"That's one of the reasons."

"I think I can see another too," she observed after a moment. "You're not sure how much I shall understand. But I shall understand," she went on, "more, perhaps, than you think. In fact," she said earnestly, "I *promise* to understand. I've some imagination. Had my grandmother?" she asked. Her actual sequences were not rapid, but she had already anticipated him. "I've thought of that before, because I put the same question to mother."

"And what did your mother say?"

"'Imagination—dear mamma? Not a grain!'"

The old man showed a faint flush. "Your mother then has a supply that makes up for it."

The girl fixed him, on this, with a deeper attention. "You don't like her having said that."

His color came stronger, though a slightly strained smile did what it could to diffuse coolness. "I don't care a single scrap, my dear, in respect to the friend I'm speaking of, for any judgment but my own."

"Not even for her daughter's?"

"Not even for her daughter's." Mr. Longdon had not spoken loud, but he rang as clear as a bell.

Nanda, for admiration of it, broke almost for the first time into the semblance of a smile. "You feel as if my grandmother were quite *your* property!"

"Oh, quite."

"I say—that's splendid!"

"I'm glad you like it," he answered kindly.

The very kindness pulled her up. "Excuse my speaking so, but I'm sure you know what I mean. You mustn't think," she eagerly continued, "that mother won't also want to hear you."

"On the subject of Lady Julia?" He gently, but very effectively, shook his head. "Your mother shall never hear me."

Nanda appeared to wonder at it an instant, and it made her completely grave again. "It will be all for *me*?"

"Whatever there may be of it, my dear."

"Oh, I shall get it all out of you," she returned without hesitation. Her mixture of free familiarity and of the vividness of evocation of something, whatever it was, sharply opposed—the little worry of this contradiction, not altogether unpleasant, continued to fill his consciousness more discernibly than anything else. It was really reflected in his quick brown eyes that she alternately drew him on and warned him off, but also that what they were beginning more and more to make out was an emotion of her own trembling there beneath her tension. His glimpse of it widened—his glimpse of it fairly triumphed when, suddenly, after this last declaration, she threw off with quite the same accent, but quite another effect: "I'm glad to be like any one the thought of whom makes you so good! You *are* good," she continued; "I see already how I shall feel it." She stared at him with tears, the sight of which brought his own straight back, so that thus, for a moment, they sat there together.

"My dear child!" he at last simply murmured. But he laid his hand on her now, and her own immediately met it.

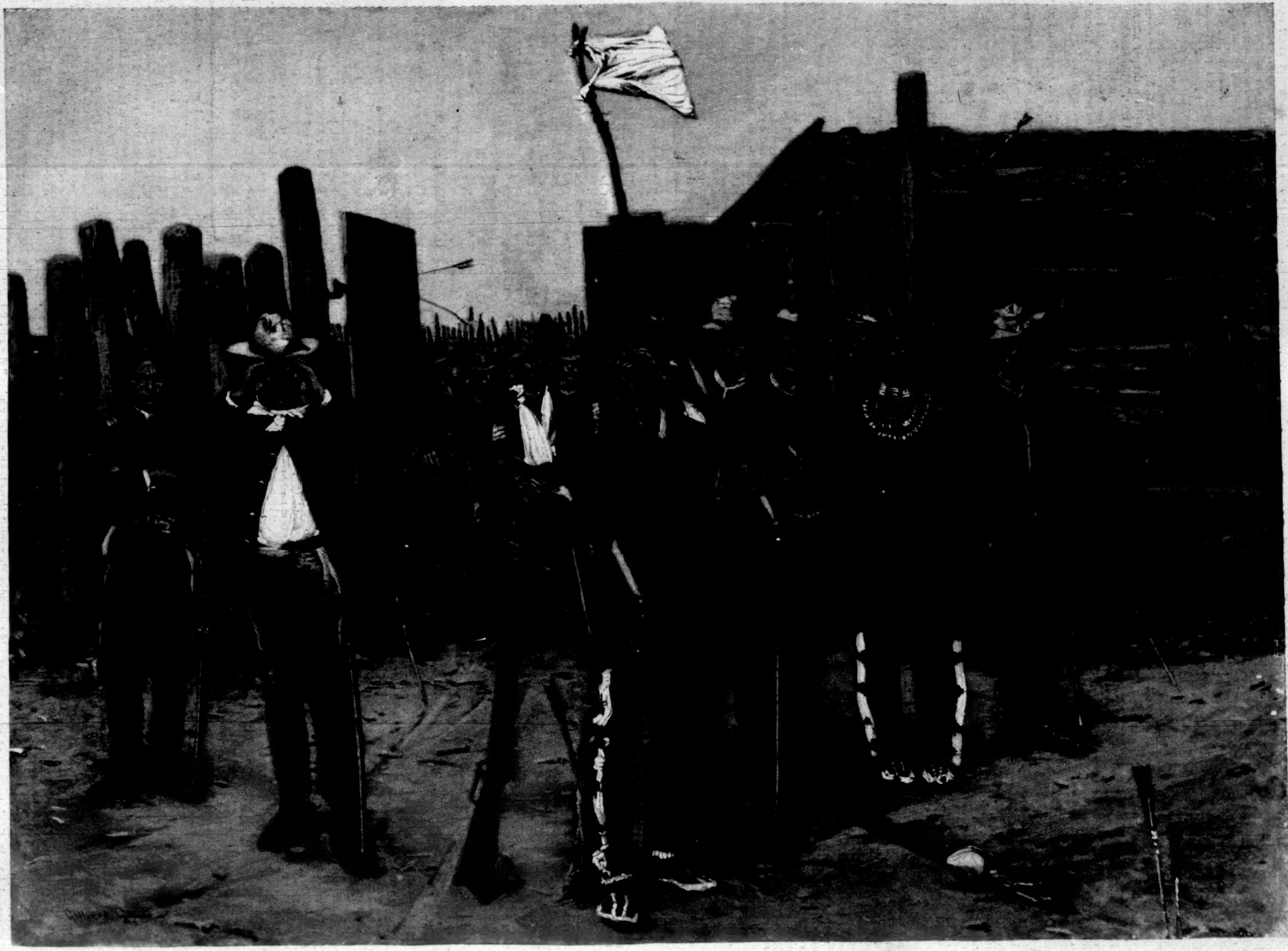
"You'll get used to me," she said with the same gentleness that the response of her touch had tried to express; "and I shall be so careful with you that—well, you'll see!" She broke short off with a quaver, and the next instant she turned—there was some one at the door. Vanderbank, still not quite at his ease, had come back to smile upon them. Detaching herself from Mr. Longdon, she got straight up to meet him. "You were right, Mr. Van. It's beautiful, beautiful, beautiful!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ONE WAY OF DOING IT.

The mysteries of the censorship of various European literary and dramatic centres would make a volume of disclosures entertaining to all who write plays and books for a living. Every now and then a betrayal in a reminiscence will indicate the underworkings of such state machinery amusingly. In 1872–3 the late Jules Simon was Minister of the Fine Arts, under the Presidency of M. Thiers. George Sand, aged, but still industriously an author at that time, had had a vast success with her novel—now less read than many of her better books—*Mademoiselle de la Quintinie*. Not deterred by its bold psychologic topic—the weakness of a priest's temperament under temptation—she had made a play out of the story, and it was accepted at the Odéon. From the first the piece was seen in the light of a delicate and undesirable drama. But, as ill luck had it, never had Madame Dudevant been so set on having a piece of hers played, and never had she been so dull in recognizing its unpleasantness. The play would occasion scandal, and give offence, beyond doubt, to the Church and to all devout people; and yet George Sand was not an author to be refused and reprimanded. Besides all this, Jules Simon was a close personal friend of George Sand, and confessed that he did not dare to tell her the situation so troubling him. At last an expedient occurred. Simon sent for Duquesnel, of the Odéon's direction. "Was everything ready?" asked Simon, anxiously. Everything, yes; the actors had reached the last rehearsals, and the scenes and costumes were all in completeness—so said Duquesnel, and asked if the play was really to be interdicted. "I interdict a play by my dear friend Madame Dudevant? Never!" cries Simon. "But—all the same—" and he looked expressively at Duquesnel. Not a word more was said. The manager understood, and retired. The play was never interdicted; but "Mlle. de la Quintinie" never was played. From the hour of that interview with Simon and that look, something always happened, especially an illness, among the members of the cast. One by one they were laid up with colds, colics, rheumatics, bilious attacks. Paint-pots fell on the scenery, and it had to be repainted, and was not. Costumes were lost. Spring came, and the Odéon closed for the vacation. In the autumn the drama "Mauprat" was taken up, and the run of it was so long that "Mlle. de la Quintinie" again lapsed. In 1876 George Sand died. Nobody knows where the manuscript of her unplayed drama to-day reposes.

E. I. S.



AN EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.—From the Painting by Gilbert Gaul.

THE difference between a poor thing well done and an excellent thing poorly done has seldom been more effectively illustrated than in the two metropolitan novelties of the week. "On and Off," with which Mr. Charles Frohman's new comedy company is opening at the Madison Square Theatre, is an anonymous version, un-Americanized, of "Le Contrôleur des Wagon-Lits," Alexandre Bisson's latest hit. "Uncle Dick," which Mr. Sol. Smith Russell is playing at the Montauk Theatre, Brooklyn, is a naturalized adaptation by Miss Martha Morton from an unnamed German original.

"On and Off," though impossible enough in its main situations, is a delight to the sense of technical excellence.

KATHERINE FLORENCE,
Now appearing in "On and Off" at the Madison Square Theatre, New York.

A Poor Thing Well Done.

The married life of one *Godfray* is made miserable by his parents-in-law. By pretending to be occupied as inspector of sleeping-cars he gets three days a week off, and improves the opportunity to plan a divorce and sue for the hand of a young woman with acceptable parents-in-law. The real inspector, whose name is also *Godfray*, discovers this plot, and by intimidating the pretender, manages to amuse himself with the pretender's wife, and also to marry the young woman with acceptable parents-in-law. Few plots could be more hackneyed or more impossible; yet the treatment of the plot is so fresh and powerful that the play affords an excellent evening's fun. Of the company, Miss Katherine Florence and Miss Amelia Bingham have the good looks, and Mr. Fritz Williams and Mr. E. M. Holland—the two *Godfrays*—have the comic genius. Mr. Holland's acting is truly admirable in its simplicity, certainty, and variety of effect, and has the creative touch of the artist. In a word, the technical resources displayed in the production of "On and Off" are so great that one scarcely stops to realize the essential purport of what he has been listening to. When he does stop, he finds that though the farce is too artistic to be either moral or immoral, it presupposes an amount of obliquity that can scarcely fail to deaden one's sensibilities. And the effect is only the worse because what happens is presented so attractively and so convincingly.

A Good Thing Ill Done.

With "Uncle Dick" the case is reversed. The story has to do with a wanderer, who, having made a fortune in South Africa, comes back to live and die in the bucolic serenity and goodness of his native village. He finds the village, but not the bucolic serenity and goodness. His relatives have been bitten by the same ambitious unrest that carried him away in the first place. Each one is trying to be something he is not fitted to be. The fun comes out of the fact that *Uncle Dick* puts it in the power of each one to be the thing he is not fitted to be, and that each is made to repent his bargain heartily. They learn to sigh for the serenity and goodness of a normal life, as *Uncle Dick* himself has done. That is a sympathetic theme, and far more deeply founded in human nature than any situation in the clever French farce. But the adaptation! The characters are mere algebraic symbols, and the jokes exponents that do not rise to any power. The whole thing is so crude and elementary that one rejoices that the German author was spared having his name on the programme.

As for the impersonations, only one was worthy of the theme, the *Uncle Dick* of Mr. Sol. Smith Russell. That was more than worthy. To the *Gemüthlichkeit* of the original lines he added the sweetness and depth of humor of the American temperament. The quality of Mr. Russell's impersonation might almost be localized as Western; in a thousand ways it suggested Abraham Lincoln. Compared to the brilliant froth of "On and Off," the breadth and depth of "Uncle Dick" were the breadth and depth of the ocean. The theme of the play strikes at the heart of our modern futility of unrest; an author able to treat it with artistic skill would stand a good chance of ranging himself with the immortals.

The Mob and the Manager.

A pretty discussion as to plays and players has lately been brought about our ears. An enterprising New York newspaper has been able to make out that, in his lecture on "The Drama as a Fine Art," Mr. I. Zangwill has rapped our playwrights and managers on the knuckles. It has used this golden opportunity to fill its columns with remonstrances, some intelligent and good-natured, others quite the reverse, and all from the prominent members of the most sensitive of professions. As for the playwright, Mr. Zangwill is reported as saying that the schoolboy who defined a *plagiarist* as "a writer of plays" builded better than he knew. Our playwrights steal their literature from the French drama—and leave out the literature. Mr. Bronson Howard, our leading writer of plays, answers this naughty speech by inveighing against young men of letters who issue diplomas to themselves as critics of the stage, and argues that in all ages the English stage has had little or nothing to do with literature—whether expounded by young men or old:

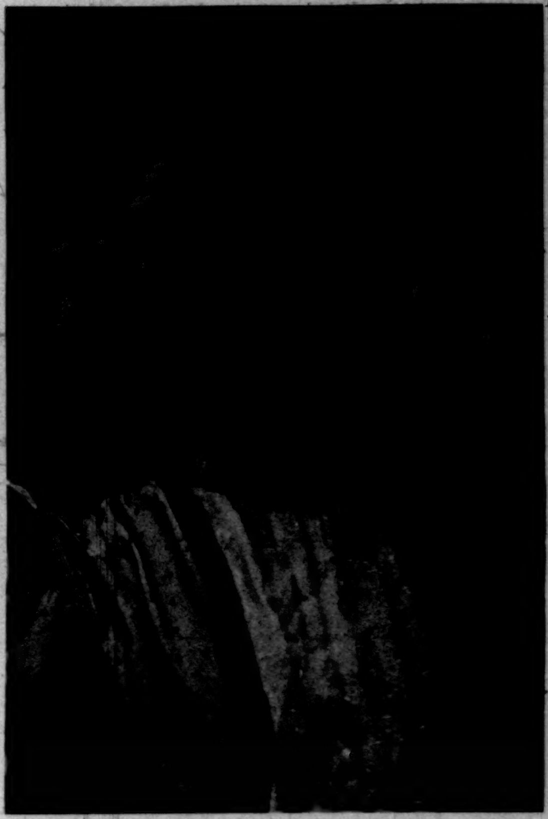
> I have on my shelves nineteen collections of plays, most of them selected plays, practically covering the dramatic productions of the English stage. Let any one read even these selected plays and he will find that trash predominated at all times. In the collection which does not contain selected plays, but all the plays produced within a certain period, the proportion of trash is simply enormous.

It is true enough that of all the vast number of "attractions" on our stage, only a few are to be classed as drama, and of these few, fewer still make any pretence of literary quality. That is just what Mr. Zangwill was saying! And what if he did say it somewhat pointedly?

As for the managers, the enterprising newspaper evidently represented Mr. Zangwill as saying that they usually come from the riffraff, and are at best shopkeepers, and that the drama is in a rapid decline. To this Mr. Joseph Jefferson answered:

> He calls managers shopkeepers. Theoretically that sounds very severe. But practically he is wrong to condemn them for being shopkeepers. They are shopkeepers, and they shouldn't be anything else. They deal in goods. I'm part of those goods.
>
> The "decline of the drama," eh? That's an old wail. It reappears with the regularity of the sea-serpent. It rears its head in virtuous indignation, and then stealthily witnesses the plays it reviles. That wail goes far back. We find Colley Cibber complaining that French dancers and Italian mountebanks had pushed Shakespeare to the wall. And I have no doubt that if we could search the archives of Athens we should find Thespis, the first and only actor of his day, complaining of the decline of the drama.

At first glance it would seem that Mr. Zangwill had been pretty thoroughly snowed under. But a careful perusal of his lecture will reveal the fact that he not only takes a hopeful view of the modern drama, but speaks from a thorough knowledge of the stage. "The manager," he says, "is necessarily a shopkeeper. We have no right to demand that he should be anything but a business man." Far from saying hard words about Mr. Zangwill, our player people ought to pray Heaven that all writers about the stage might be as cheerful and state plain facts as plainly. Like publishing books or editing a newspaper, the production of plays is a matter of business, with the difference that the initial expense is great and the risk enormous. One is brought up against that same old tragic truth: He who lives to please, must please to live. Had the enterprising newspaper been as eager to discover the truth as to lacerate people's feelings, it would have seen at once that Mr. Zangwill and the profession are of one mind, and that that is mainly Mr. Zangwill's.



ANNIE RUSSELL,
Now appearing in "Catherine" at the Garrick Theatre, New York.

The Hope of a Literary Drama.

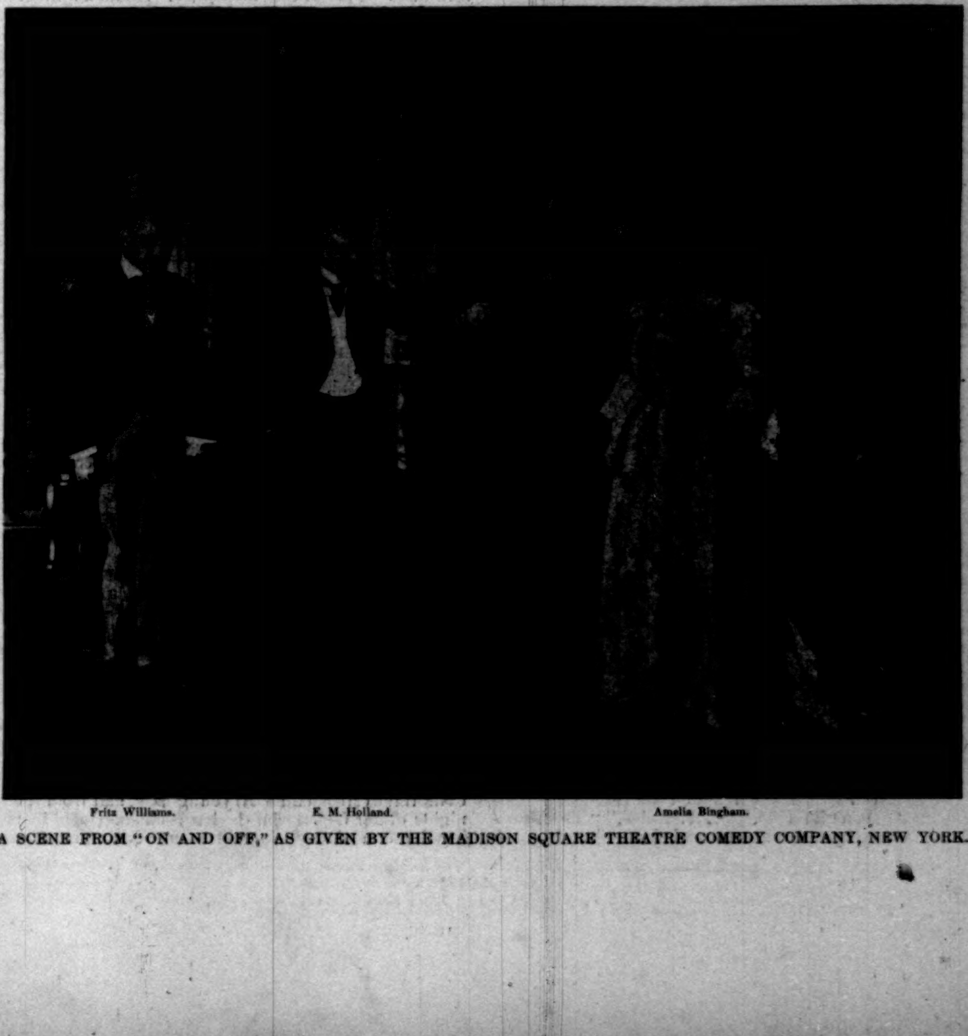
The only remark of Mr. Zangwill's that might justly have given offence was lost in the shuffle. It is to the effect that managers are very stupid business men, and are not able to read the demand there is for legitimate drama. Mr. Zangwill exhorts managers to be shopkeepers of a higher class. Curiously enough, this very charge of stupidity has lately been independently made by the *Dramatic Mirror*—a trade journal that has at its command all the facts with regard to our stage. It says:

> Shakespeare would live even if banished utterly from the stage of this generation. Perhaps another generation will know managers who can read success in him. If the managers really could understand what the public wants the theatres would be fuller than they now are, although many faces now seen in them would be lost to sight. . . . .
>
> The popular approval ["Cyrano de Bergerac"] proves that our public is keenly appreciative of fine things, and confounds completely those managers who glibly estimate American taste in matters dramatic at the lowest possible valuation.

The managers have only to follow Mr. I. Zangwill and they will all wear diamonds.

The Literary Element in "Cyrano."

As for the triumph of "Cyrano," which is now fortunately quite beyond question, I should enter a slight demurrer, much as I applaud Mr. Zangwill's judgment in the main. Mr. Mansfield's success, magnificently as it is deserved, seems in some respects due to the defects of his production. The rhymed passages in the translation, so painful to sensitive ears, seem rather to please the audiences, and even a few of the critics were taken by


Fritz Williams.
E. M. Holland.
Amelia Bingham.

A SCENE FROM "ON AND OFF," AS GIVEN BY THE MADISON SQUARE THEATRE COMEDY COMPANY, NEW YORK.

their empty jingle. It is known that Mr. Mansfield discarded the translation which he had ordered from Miss Gertrude Hall, and which has lately been published, because Miss Hall, herself a poet of no mean distinction, refused to render the original into anything more catching than a well-modulated prose. Mr. Howard Thayer Kingsbury, whose name is attached to the accepted translation, was not only willing to drop into verse at intervals, but to permit Mr. Mansfield to fall into rhyme. In some cases to my knowledge the members of the company followed Mr. Mansfield's lead, and added rhymes of their own. This actor's instinct for mouthing is not new. *Hamlet* had something to say to the players about it, and *Cyrano* himself chastised the bad actor, *Montfleury*, for it. It doubtless explains the fact that many a scene in Shakespeare's best blank verse has the tag of a senseless rhyme. No doubt Shakespeare was as guiltless of those rhyme tags as Mr. Kingsbury of these; and no doubt also Shakespeare's public, like Mr. Mansfield's, enjoyed the scene more for the jig time. As for the flavor of Gascony, which we miss in Mr. Mansfield's *Cyrano*, it would perhaps be as little availing as the remarkable performance of the flea, in Hans Andersen's fairy-tale, who, in the contest for the hand of the Princess, jumped quite out of sight, and thereby lost the prize to the cricket, who jumped neatly into the Princess's lap! By all means give us an Anglo-Saxon *Cyrano*. In spite of these defects much of the quality of the original remains. The vigor of Mr. Rostand's lines is not easily done to death, and his dramatic construction is not affected. Moreover, critics who have seen the French production say that the staging of the American play is in many ways superior. Mr. Zangwill himself has told us that Mr. Mansfield's *Cyrano* is far more virile, far more truly heroic, than M. Coquelin's. In his dedication of the play M. Rostand avers that the soul of *Cyrano* has passed into M. Coquelin; but, like the soul of *Hamlet*, the soul of *Cyrano* is too great to inhabit a single frame. If M. Rostand were to see the American performance, he would perhaps inscribe the soul of the *Cyrano* of the third and the fifth acts to Mr. Mansfield.

JOHN CORBIN.

MUSIC

AUTUMN MUSIC ABROAD: THE OPERA SEASON.

IT is yet the time, late autumn, when the curious contrast between the theatrical movement and the musical one is emphatic The reviewer of the musical sort of entertainments sighs for that early vivacity of a preliminary season, garnished with good stock opera and with brilliant *ballets d'action.* Such things make September and October briskly inviting in many European musical centres, especially those where the German stage policy rules.

ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK AS *ORTRUD.*

Autumn Opera in Frankfurt and Vienna.

Take Frankfurt and Vienna to witness the activity of operatic doings long before winter. And it is to be remembered that New York has not the monopoly of hot fall evenings. In the single month of September, at the Frankfurt City Theatre, were presented all the following operas, lighter or heavier: "Tannhäuser," "Aïda," "Orphée aux Enfers," "Der Freischütz," "Boccaccio," "Lohengrin," "A Basso Porto," "The Flying Dutchman," "Fidelio," "The Mastersingers," "The Armorer" (Lortzing), "The Gypsy Baron," "Carmen," "Faust," "The Huguenots," "The Prophet," "Hänsel and Gretel," "Rheingold," "The Valkyr," "The Troubadour," "Hans Heiling," "Siegfried," "The Dusk of the Gods," and the "Daughter of the Regiment," besides other stable works of various calibres in the repertory of this admirably alert stage. In Vienna the list was much the same, but adding "Don Giovanni," "The Evangelist," "The Cricket on the Hearth," "Werther," "La Dame Blanche," "L'Africaine," "The Trumpeter of Säkkingen," "Romeo and Juliet," and a half-dozen of those gorgeous pantomimic ballets for which Vienna, Warsaw, and Milan are distinguished.

ALBERT SALÉZA AS *MÂTHO.*

Current Opera Elsewhere in Germany.

In Cologne a broad repertory has been promptly taken up. Even Berlioz's colossal "The Trojans at Carthage" was not postponed till frost, nor a fresh work by Becker—"Ratbold." At Mannheim, always a busy musical city, a part of the list up to last week offered "The Huguenots," "Rienzi," "Figaro's Wedding," "Faust," "Fidelio," "The Evangelist," "The Jewess," "The White Lady," "Masaniello," "Orpheus," and "Martha." At Karlsruhe, always active with rarer and heavier matters, the Nibelungen Tetralogy has been done, several Mozart scores sung, and Berlioz's formidable "Beatrice and Benedict" drew large houses. And so it has gone on —in Bremen, Hamburg, Hanover, Munich, and Leipzig, and all over Teutonia the musical. And it all means a wide musical *public*, not merely a fashionable musical public.

The fact is people try to forget warm weather in Germany by going to hear good music. In the element of ballet, a lively variety in an opera season, New York has practically everything to learn. The Metropolitan's is a stage adapted to the spectacular ballet, exactly as it is a stage suitable only for opera that includes a spectacular quality. But the ballet in several acts and given as a whole evening's entertainment has never had a fair chance to win its way here, to amuse and charm us with all that riot of color and whirl of terpsichorean elegance that makes it so tenaciously attractive in great Continental theatres. Where such ballet has been tried here, its failure to score was not that Americans cannot be children before its charm, like other people, but that, like wise children, New-Yorkers refuse to be diverted with a poor and clumsy counterfeit article.

The Metropolitan's Opera Season.

Apropos of opera and the incoming prospectuses, Mr. Grau's announcement of the Metropolitan's official season is at hand—a portentous little book. About a million dollars is spoken of as the risk to the impresario. Attractiveness and expense in a star season seem to be at the limit in such a scheme. In fact, star singers will be as plenty as shoe-buttons. There are additions and withdrawals since Mr. Grau's less decisive sketches of his plans slipped about the papers during the summer. But no subtraction is of real account. How can one manager, in one season, need all these people? How can he really use them? How can he pay them? It is a wonderment. Take—alphabetically, as they are so many—the surnames. Of sopranos and contraltos Mr. Grau presents Adams (Suzanne), Brema, Bréguière, Bauermeister, Calvé, Eames, Engle, Lehmann, Mantelli, Meisslinger, Melba, Nordica, Pevny, Roudez, Sembrich, Schumann-Heink, Thompson (Fanchon). The tenors, barytones, and basses offer us a like mixture of races and *genres*, with Albers, Bars, Bispham, Carbone, Campanari, Ceppi, Devriès (Herman), Dippel, Dufriche, Van Dyk, Maurel, Meux, Mühlmann, Plançon, Pringle, de Reszké (Jean), de Reszké (Edouard), von Rooy, Saléza, Salignac, Vanni. The four conductors are Bevignani, Mancinelli, Saar, and Schalk. A small army of practical assistants of less public duty complete the directory. It is a pleasure to see a *régisseur-général* (formally so called) among the functionaries. That august personage will earn his salary, whoever else does not.

Concerning the Newer Opera-Singers.

As to a few artists among the foregoing, curiosity will fix strongly on that admirable Polish contralto (Polish by birth, but identified with German stages all her life) Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink. Madame Schumann-Heink ranks as the first contralto, in voice and dramatic authority, at present in European notice. She is in the prime of her powers, as her portrait here given indicates. Madame Schumann-Heink, nevertheless, has been at least nineteen years before a Continental public, in wide repertory, before her Wagner work at the Baireuth performances of 1896 drew new notice to her, and so secured her an engagement last year at Covent Garden. Miss Suzanne Adams is the latest American light soprano to be acclaimed in Paris as an exceptional débutante. Miss Adams is a Cambridge (Massachusetts) young lady, and from the first nights of her Opéra trial she has been successful in pleasing French and English auditors and critics, much as did Madame Eames, and in largely the same rôles—*Juliette, Gilda, Marguerite*, and so on. Miss Fanchon Thompson, another American débutante in Paris, won favor there, and almost immediately harvested new honors in London. As to Mr. Grau's truly noble army of men, Mr. Ernest van Dyk is possibly a shade the most eminent. Though he may be charged with coming to us late in his long and broad career, when I heard him sing two or three of his best parts, some months ago, it seemed to me that he sang them as well as when he was a dozen years younger. Mr. Van Dyk's rôles are considerably identical with those elected by Mr. Jean de Reszké. Mr. Andreas Dippel was with us some years back, a valuable young actor and an excellent singer in German opera, and, more than that, a tenor lyric rather than heroic. Mr. Anton von Rooy reaches us as a new Wagner barytone, of full voice and effective style in acting such solid responsibilities as those of *Wotan*, and of Baireuth's deep-voiced gentry in general. He is a Belgian, and possesses a large extra-Wagnerian repertory. Mr. Albert Saléza, of whom a good deal has been said in advance of his first American engagement, has been a thoroughly useful, robust tenor at the Opéra in Paris, and has a potent dramatic style.

Mr. Saléza as *Mâtho*.

We shall not see M. Saléza, however, in one of his most effective impersonations—that of the love-drunken and sacrilegious warrior *Mâtho*, in Reyer's opera "Salammbô." But he will probably have ample chance to show his energies as a typical French artist, now in the plenitude of youth and voice. I use advisedly the word "see" in alluding to his *Mâtho*. For in ending that tragic work occurs his amazingly acrobatic and startling pitch, head over heels, down a towering Carthaginian staircase, and his falling at the feet of the statuelike *Salammbô*—a mass of blood, filth, rags, and general physical ruin—to bare his breast for *Salammbô's* dagger. Folks who, as did Dickens's Fat Boy, "like to feel their flesh creep" have an excellent prescription in Mr. Saléza's *Mâtho*. "Salammbô," by-the-bye, in spite of its melodic and, indeed, instrumental tameness, would suit the Metropolitan to a centimetre with its pompous tableaux.

The Metropolitan's Repertory.

That reminder turns attention again to Mr. Grau's prospectus—what may be its promises as to his season's operas. Fifty-one evening performances and seventeen matinée ones, and non-subscription nights besides, give large leeway. But out of the "selection" left, as so often, somewhat vague, I doubt if more than two or three works be undertaken, apart from those already in such perennial use in the Metropolitan—German, French, and Italian. Probably Mr. Mancinelli's "Hero and Leander," possibly Ponchielli's "La Gioconda," semi-possibly Massenet's "Sapho," will be brought to pass. Mr. Grau's present troupe, one many observe, could make, out of hand, a repertory almost as wide as the whole Continental one, in such a state of "study" are many of the artists. But that will not affect the situation. Madame Calvé, I understand, has desired this year a complete representation of Bizet's "The Pearl-Fishers"—not just two acts, as before —as a special illustration of her coloratura art. Neither "Le Cid" nor "La Juive" nor "Mefistofele" nor "Henry the Eighth" (this last not mentioned) is of likely choice. Of the two complete cycles of Wagner's Nibelungen dramas, producing them without the prudent cuts usually made in their presentation, notice has already been taken. We shall have this incident in January and February. The Wagner and non-Wagner repertory, in short, abides about as hitherto. But with such singers, how reconciled we are to a "selection" about as much in variety, from year to year, as the pattern of a floor-cloth! The eye does fasten, however, most pleasurably on one work, of which a revival seems fairly certain. This is Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba." It was a special success here during two of the "German-opera" winters long ago. Its colossal score is as gorgeously rich and impassioned as its mere spectacle can be made Oriental in color. "The Queen of Sheba" is a great piece of true dramatic music. The younger patronage of the Metropolitan should be acquainted with it. It has a concerted piece in the first act and a finale to its third act that have scarcely their parallels in modern opera for sheer splendor of musical effect.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

ANTON VON ROOY AS *WOTAN.*

THE OCCUPATION OF MAYAGUEZ.

The brief campaign of Puerto Rico was conducted with skill and ability. Success followed the American arms in every movement, and was accompanied by comparatively little suffering and trivial loss, the enemy being compelled to abandon one position after another by the superior strategy of the Americans until the signature to the protocol for a treaty of peace put an abrupt end to hostilities. The stories of the splendid fighting and magnificent courage of our regulars in the battles before Santiago in Cuba, the hardships they suffered, have overshadowed in the public mind the comparatively small encounters with the enemy in Puerto Rico. Nevertheless the fighting there has been sharp, the advance of our troops bravely resisted at more than one point; but it was never checked, and one town after another was opened to our troops. It fell to the good fortune of General Schwan's column—McComb's Troop of the Fifth Cavalry, some field-guns, and the Eleventh Infantry, afterwards re-enforced by part of the First Kentucky—to occupy the pretty and populous town of Mayaguez, on the west coast, after the defeat of the enemy in a brilliant engagement near the Rosario, driving the Spaniards in the direction of Lares, and uncovering Mayaguez, where the welcome by the inhabitants was of a nature seldom met with by an invading army. On every side the troops were received as liberators from hated oppressors. Old and young, black and all the intermediate shades up to and including white, men, women, and children, vied with one another in cordial expressions of delight at their presence. The wounded, Spaniards and Americans, were cared for at the hands of the Red Cross Society, and soon were housed in the theatre—for the nonce a hospital. Many were badly hurt, some in the shadow of death; but no murmurs escaped them as, friend and foe, the wounded lay together in clean white cots, cheered and comforted by their surroundings and the tender and sympathetic ministration of their nurses. Our brave fellows could not tell in words of their gratitude to the dark-robed women hovering by their beds like angels of all that is good and merciful; but Catholic or Protestant, Dago or Yankee, none will forget the sweet-faced Spanish nuns, whose gentle hands and soft voices brought relief to suffering body and hope to sinking hearts.

Schwan made but a brief stay in the town, his troops going into camp in the outskirts. Meanwhile the U.S.S. *Montgomery* arriving in the harbor, convoying re-enforcements and supplies, the column moved out again, the advance-guard overtaking and putting to rout the former garrison, which had hurriedly evacuated Mayaguez on the approach of the United States force, capturing many of them, and bringing them back prisoners to the place where they had so long been masters.

The crew of the U.S.S. *Montgomery*, Commander George A. Converse, U.S.N., commanding, was at general quarters as the ship slowly steamed in towards the harbor of Mayaguez. Like a picture from fairyland the beautiful shores of the bay stretched on either hand, the hills tumbling back inland, covered to their very tops with dense masses of tropical vegetation, while here and there in the valleys the bright green leaves of the sugar-cane spread like carpets in great square patches; close to the water's edge the high towerlike chimneys and low roofs of an occasional sugar-mill broke through the rich and varied green of the foliage around about. Followed by her convoy, two army transports, *Morgan* and *Hudson*, the latter swarming with soldiers of the First Kentucky Infantry, the war-ship moved cautiously forward over the smooth waters; there was silence fore and aft, broken only by the singsong chant of the quartermasters heaving the lead, and the occasional sharp, imperative order from the bridge. Grouped about the guns the bluejackets stood, hoping and longing for the enemy to open. Hundreds of eyes searched every point and headland for evidence of presence of the foe; but no sign or token of hostile life answered their eager gaze, all was quiet and still shoreward, not a movement anywhere—not even a breath of wind to stir into languid motion the featherlike tops of the tall palms. Silently one of the men pointed over the side, where with scarcely a move of their tails two great sharks, their black dorsal fins cutting the surface, kept pace with the ship, slowly moving nearer and nearer in. Ahead the roofs of houses show through trees, one tall building gleaming white and dazzling in the sun's rays. On the port bow a hill rises; there is a building on the top, something near by that looks like a mound of freshly turned earth, and surmounting all a flag staff with a flag clinging limp and motionless. Every glass on the ship was brought to bear on the height. At the guns the men closed up; every one waited the flash and smoke of hostile ordnance. But instead of fire and crash and shriek of shell some friendly zephyr touches with caressing hands the limp folds of bunting on the hill, and for a moment—there waving, as if in graceful welcome, the blue, white, and scarlet of our own flag stands out clear and distinct against the tropical purple of the sky. The men look at one another, disappointment written all over their honest faces. "Damned if I ever thought the sight of the American colors would make me cuss," says the bo's'n's mate. "Boat coming out, sir. White flag," reports some one on the bridge. Not one boat but two are coming towards the ships, and soon the Puerto-Rican pilot climbs over the side, smiling all over his swarthy countenance, bowing, hat in hand, on all sides, as he tells that Schwan with his regulars had thrashed the Spaniards, now in full retreat towards Lares, and had already occupied Mayaguez. Half an hour afterwards the ships dropped anchor within half rifle distance of the shore. The harbor was swarming with boats, their occupants comprising all shades and colors of Puerto Rico's population, from coal-black bumboat men eager for trade to dark-browed señoritas in fresh summer dresses, and their pretty faces coated with thick powdering of rice flour, all smiles and flowers for the conquistadores americanos. The first visitor from shore was the British vice-consul. The flag waving greeting to the ship that morning had been hoisted over the residence of the former American consul by his direction, and as he left the ship, the thunder of *Montgomery's* guns, saluting the red-crossed banner of the nation nearest by tongue and kin to ours, echoed back from the adjacent hills.

Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum.

CHICAGO'S PEACE JUBILEE.

Chicago has had a peace jubilee, beginning on Sunday night, October 16, lasting five days, and including several great meetings and receptions, a ball, a banquet, and a big parade. President McKinley was the central figure of the celebration. He made one or two speeches every day, shook hands with thousands of his fellow-countrymen, was present at all the great gatherings, reviewed the great procession, and was made a Doctor of Laws by Chicago University. Generals Miles, Shafter, and Wheeler represented the army. No naval officers of high rank who were in the late war could be present, but all of them were remembered by arches put up in honor of their victories. There was some bad weather, but not enough to be a serious drawback to the success of so great a show. It would be gratifying to learn that the President took advantage of his presence in Chicago to consult with Governor Tanner about the promotion of peace at Virden and Pana, but there is no assurance that such an interview took place.

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

GAIL BORDEN
EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK
In 1856 Gail Borden introduced condensed milk, and from small beginning an enormous industry has resulted. The product of tens of thousands of cows is required to supply the demand for this superior infant food. No other equals it.—[*Adv.*]

Superior to Vaseline and Cucumbers, *Crème Simon*, marvellous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 Rue Grange Batelière, Paris; Druggists, Perfumers, Fancy-goods stores.—[*Adv.*]

The best regulator of digestive organs, Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

Abbott's—The Original Angostura Bitters—synonyme for health and happiness.—[*Adv.*]

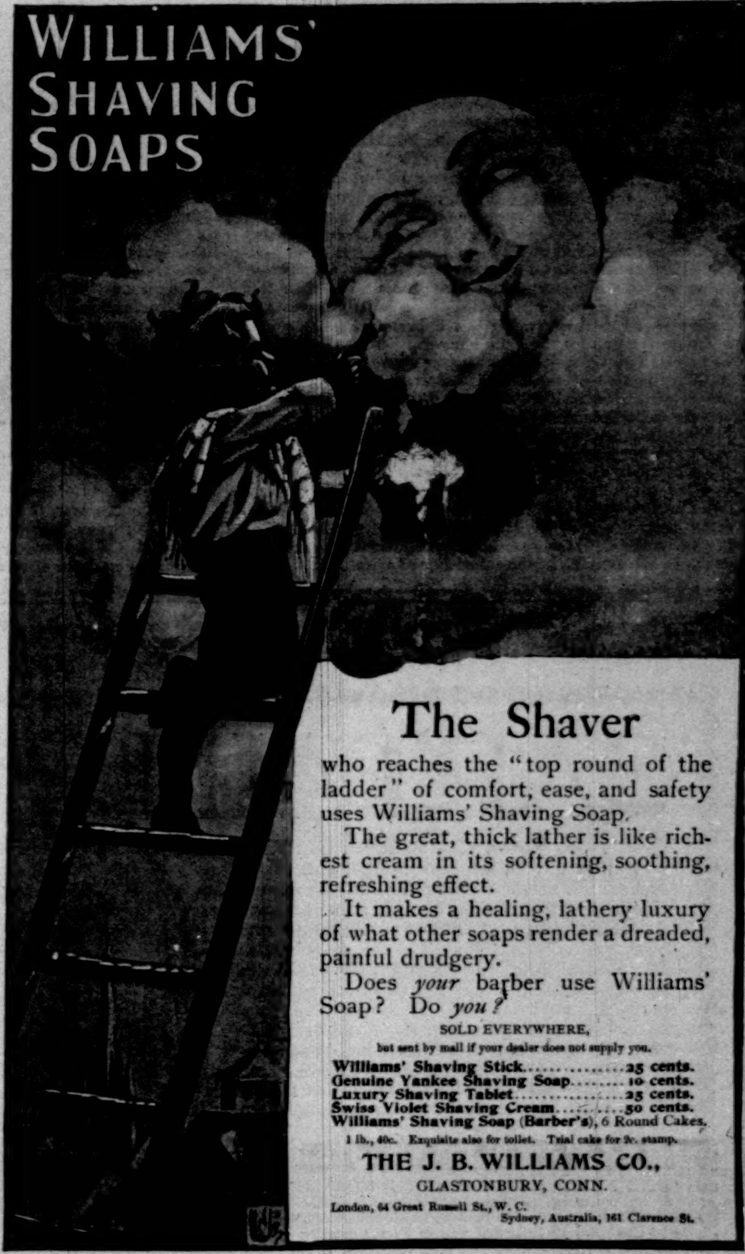
Use BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Van Bibber
Little Cigars

after breakfast — on the open cars — at the office — after lunch — to give to "friends" — on the ferry — on the train, and everywhere and always — where *a short smoke* is desired.
They are *economical* — as there is no waste.
They are *wholesome* — as there is no moisture.
They are *satisfactory* — as they are made of the very best imported whole leaf tobacco and never vary in quality.
They are *little cigars* for *little smokes!*

At all dealers 10 for 25c., or send 25c. (stamps) and a special pocket pouch containing 10 will be sent by return mail anywhere.
H. Ellis & Co., Baltimore, Md.
The American Tobacco Co., Successor

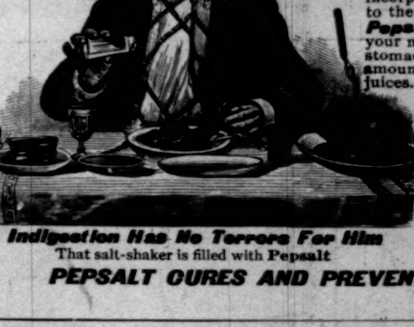


WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS

The Shaver
who reaches the "top round of the ladder" of comfort, ease, and safety uses Williams' Shaving Soap.
The great, thick lather is like richest cream in its softening, soothing, refreshing effect.
It makes a healing, lathery luxury of what other soaps render a dreaded, painful drudgery.
Does *your* barber use Williams' Soap? Do *you?*
SOLD EVERYWHERE,
but sent by mail if your dealer does not supply you.

Williams' Shaving Stick	25 cents.
Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap	10 cents.
Luxury Shaving Tablet	25 cents.
Swiss Violet Shaving Cream	50 cents.
Williams' Shaving Soap (Barber's), 6 Round Cakes, 1 lb., 40c.	

Exquisite also for toilet. Trial cake for 2c. stamp.
THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.,
GLASTONBURY, CONN.
London, 64 Great Russell St., W. C.
Sydney, Australia, 161 Clarence St.



Pepsalt...
is the best of table salt, into every grain of which is incorporated digestive substances natural to the stomach. Fill your salt-cellar with **Pepsalt** and use it in place of salt at your meals. If you have indigestion your stomach does not supply the necessary amount of the dissolving or digestive juices. **Pepsalt** taken in place of salt at your meals makes good this deficiency, as you take with every mouthful of your food a similar substance to that which is required and at the right time, and your indigestion is a thing of the past.
Send for sample in salt-shaker bottle and try it.
Price 25 cents, postpaid.
The Vaupel Samaritan Co.,
45 Sheriff St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Indigestion Has No Terrors For Him
That salt-shaker is filled with Pepsalt
PEPSALT CURES AND PREVENTS INDIGESTION

Eau de Cologne No. 4711.
The most pungent, exhilarating and refreshing Perfume. Used by persons of refinement. Imported into America for three-quarters of a Century. Be sure to get "No. 4711," which is the standard in all civilized countries.
MÜLHENS & KROPFF, N. Y., U. S. AGENTS.

DOUBLE
COLOGNE
GERMANY

BOKER'S BITTERS
The oldest and best Specific against dyspepsia; an appetizer and a promoter of digestion.
Ask your Grocer, Liquor Dealer, or Druggist.

HARPER'S CATALOGUE thoroughly revised and classified, will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of ten cents.

THE CELEBRATED
SOHMER
Heads the List of the Highest-Grade Pianos.
Caution.—The buying public will please not confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with one of a similar-sounding name of a cheap grade.
Our name spells—
S—O—H—M—E—R
New York Warerooms
SOHMER BUILDING
Fifth Ave., cor 22d St.

THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA.

THE very intelligent minister of the Chinese government to the United States, Mr. Wu Ting-Fang, says that the time-honored story of the Empress Dowager of China having been a slave girl has no foundation in fact. Doing this, Mr. Wu destroys some of the romance which surrounds this remarkable woman; but there is still left enough to make her career a wonder to her sex. The Empress Dowager was not a slave girl, but she was the daughter of an obscure official, and to-day she is the actual, as for many years she has been the virtual, ruler of the great Chinese Empire. The first straw pointing the way of the wind was a royal decree degrading a cabinet officer whose position corresponds to that of the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington. This man had been high in favor with the Emperor, and it was not to be supposed that he would have been removed unless some power greater than the Emperor's had wrought the change. The only power which is above the Emperor's in China is that of the Empress Dowager. Since the removal of this official the Empress Dowager has come out openly and reassumed the regency.

There are really no slaves in China, as we commonly understand the term. There are servants under contract for a number of years, as our apprentices are bound to masters until they reach their majority. In some families these servants are treated as daughters. Sometimes the master of the house takes a fancy to a girl and takes her for his concubine, or second wife. If she bears him children she is raised to the position of wife.

The Emperor of China has a consort, or wife, and one or more imperial concubines, or second wives—the term concubines not having the derogatory meaning in China that it has in Christian countries, where polygamy is unlawful. When the Emperor of China wants a wife or an imperial concubine, announcement is made in the court circle, and all officials above a certain grade are required to send in statements of the eligible women of their families. A list of these is chosen, and the candidates are required to present themselves at court, where the choice is made. If he likes, the Emperor may examine the candidates for himself, but sometimes they are examined and chosen for him. The consort and two concubines who make up the imperial *ménage* at Peking now were chosen by the Empress Dowager.

More than forty years ago the then Emperor of China signified his wish to choose a concubine, and notice was given in the court circle. The Manchus and the Chinese do not intermarry, so the Chinese were exempt from presenting candidates. The Manchu officials offered their daughters for the Emperor's choice, and one of the least important of them was honored.

The Empress of China was childless. The Emperor wanted a son and heir. This son came to him as the child of his newly chosen concubine. Immediately the concubine was raised to the dignity of a wife, and shared with the first wife the honors of the household.

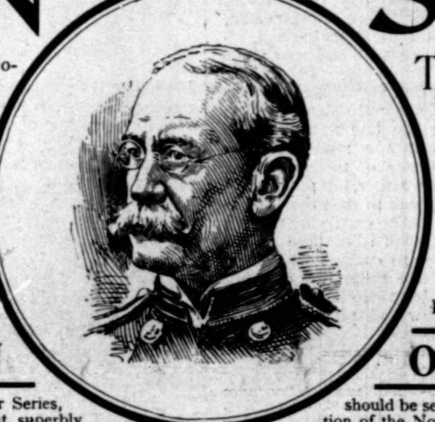
This woman was bright, of great shrewdness and remarkable force of character. She dominated the household and the government. When the Emperor died, though she and the first wife were made regents jointly, it was she who controlled the government in the interests of her son. After a few years she who had been the first wife died, and the one-time concubine became, in name as well as in fact, the sole ruler of the empire. At the end of thirteen years of her regency (twenty-four years ago) her son died. There was no direct heir to the throne. Several collateral branches of the family claimed the succession, but the Dowager Empress chose a nephew, one of several sons of the brother of the late Emperor her husband, and, against all opposition, she installed him in her son's place. She continued as regent until a few years ago, when, tiring of the responsibilities of her position, she withdrew from active public affairs.

This made no serious change in the conduct of the government. In spite of her withdrawal, she still was the first person in the empire. On feast days, though all the court circle attended the Emperor's reception, they first paid their respects to the Empress Dowager; and the Emperor himself called on her before he held his court reception, going through the streets of Peking to her palace in a chair, accompanied by all his suite, and prostrating himself before her.

To those who remember the obscurity into which the Dowager Empress of Germany retired as soon as her son was elevated to the throne, this homage seems strange; but the Chinese explain it on this ground: In China respect is paid to a person because of age, social position (as father or mother or aunt), and official position. The Empress Dowager commands the Emperor's respect because of her age, because of her position as his aunt, and because of her standing as Empress Dowager. Diplomatic officials have

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CAPTAIN SIGSBEE



THE NOVEMBER CENTURY, ready Tuesday, November 1st, will contain the first part of Captain Sigsbee's personal narrative of the destruction of the "Maine." Here, for the first time, the commander of the ship gives in a full and authoritative manner his account of the memorable events connected with the "Maine," including important facts and details not before made public. The story will have a tremendous popular interest. Authentic photographs and drawings will illustrate it. Captain Sigsbee's story will be complete in three numbers. Lieut. Hobson's graphic narrative of the sinking of the "Merrimac" will begin in the December CENTURY.

THE SPANISH WAR SERIES, which begins in the November CENTURY, will be one of the most notable achievements in the history of magazine literature. The *Tribune* says: "The latest enterprise of THE CENTURY throws into the shade nearly everything that has been done in the past. The naval battles in the Spanish-American War are to be described by some of those who took part in them. Sampson, Schley, Evans, Taylor, Wainwright, Sigsbee, and Hobson are the principal contributors to the series."

Captain Mahan, Captain Crowninshield, Captain Bartlett, Lieutenant Bernadou and many other well-known naval officers will furnish additional papers.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE "MAINE"

THE November CENTURY not only begins the Spanish War Series, but contains first chapters in a new life of Alexander the Great, superbly illustrated; a new novel by Marion Crawford, an historical romance of the Second Crusade; and the first part of Paul Leicester Ford's papers on Franklin; also the first part of a story by Frank R. Stockton, and a complete story by Mark Twain. Do not miss the November CENTURY. Price 35 cents. It is necessary that subscriptions should be sent in early if subscribers wish to receive a copy of the first edition of the November CENTURY containing the richly decorated cover, by Grasset, the famous French poster-maker. The second edition of the magazine will have only a plain cover. All dealers take subscriptions ($4.00—begin with November), or remittance may be made to the publishers,

THE CENTURY CO.,
Union Square,
New York.

Capt. Sigsbee and Lieut. Hobson Will Write only for

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

A Well-Kept Shoe

is a comfort and credit to the wearer. A soft, pliable, comfort-giving shoe looks better and wears better than one that's stiff and unyielding.

VICI Leather Dressing

will not only polish your shoes but make them soft. It's a medicine for leather. The ingredients of **VICI LEATHER DRESSING** are used in finishing the most famous shoe leather in the world—**Vici Kid.** That's a little secret you didn't know before. There's a book full of just such secrets about shoes and their care, that you can have if you will send us your name and address.

ROBERT H. FOERDERER, Philadelphia, Pa.

Harper & Brothers'

Descriptive list of their publications, with *portraits of authors*, will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of ten cents.

WONDERFUL TRIËDER BINOCULARS

½ Actual Size.

Prices Range from $44.50 to $72.50.

C. P. GOERZ, 52 Union Sq. (East), N.Y. City

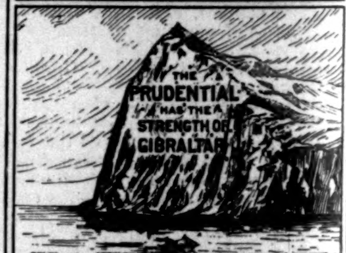
Have **8** to **10** times the power of the best of the old-style field and opera glasses.

Pocket size—invaluable for Army and Navy, War Correspondents, Race Meets, Regattas, Travel, and the Theatre.

Send for Descriptive Catalogue. For sale by leading jewelers and opticians throughout the United States. Among them:

New York—Theodore B. Starr, F. G. Schmidt, Gall & Lembke, Queen & Co., Gn Nun & Parsons.
Brooklyn—J. B. Hoecker, 312 Fulton St.
Chicago—C. D. Peacock, Spaulding & Co., Hyman, Berg & Co., N. Watry, H. Borsch.
Philadelphia—Queen & Co., Bonschur & Holmes, Williams, Brown & Earle.
Washington—Franklin & Co., Moore & Leding, D. N. Walford.
Boston—Pinkham & Smith.
St. Louis—A. S. Aloe Co., Erker Bros.
San Francisco—Hirsch & Kayser, Henry Kahn & Co., Geo. H. Kahn.

INSURE IN The Prudential



THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR

LIFE INSURANCE, $15 to $50,000
ALL AGES....BOTH SEXES
Write for information
THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO.
...OF AMERICA...
John F. Dryden, Pres. Home Office: Newark, N. J.

HERE'S A NOVELTY!

OLD MAMMOTH CAVE BOURBON. Bottled in Bond.

16 YEARS OLD.

BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF THE U.S. TREASURY.

Guaranteed by U.S. Gov't. Certificate ON EACH BOTTLE.

HISTORY:—This Whisky was made in 1882 and 1883, exported in bond to Europe, and after twelve years returned to Louisville Customs Warehouse, where it was found necessary to repack it in glass, owing to the ancient and unsafe condition of the barrels, and which was done by special permit of the United States Treasury and under Government supervision. Price, (delivered expressage paid,) $15 per case of 12 bottles, or $5 per sample case of 4 bottles. Blank packages, without any marks indicating contents, when desired.

AUG. COLDEWEY & CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.
Established 1848. Reference: Any Local Bank.

PATENT secured or money all returned. Search free. Collamer & Co., F St., Wash., D. C.

WORKS EASILY

THE Remington Standard Typewriter

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT
327 Broadway, New York

WALLINGFORD, CONNECTICUT.
ROSEMARY HALL, a Country School for Girls.
MISS RUNTZ-REES, Principal.
Ninth year begins Oct. 1, 1898.

SO SIMPLE A CHILD CAN USE THEM.

SUNART CAMERAS

28 Styles from $5.00 to $100.00
All Cameras Sold under a Positive Guarantee
Send 2c. stamp for Catalogue. SUNART PHOTO CO. 92 Aqueduct St., Rochester, N.Y.

always recognized this by sending their cards to the Empress Dowager as well as to the Emperor when there was a feast day, such as the Emperor's birthday or New Year's day.

The Empress Dowager's authority has ever been recognized officially in decrees during her retirement from the regency. The Emperor has frequently said in decrees that he has been "instructed by the Empress Dowager" to do this or that. As the *Court Gazette* has recorded also the fact that he visited her about once in five days, it has been generally understood that she was consulted by him on all questions of importance.

Gradually there has grown up in the court circle a party opposed to her influence. To this party belonged the cabinet minister recently deposed. This party succeeded in having Li Hung-Chang stripped of many of his honors. The Dowager Empress is Li's friend. Now that she has taken up the reins of government again, he may return to his old position of power.

For a long time, until the publication of the Emperor's abdication, no one knew, except inferentially, that the Dowager Empress had actually reassumed the regency. There was no precedent for such an act; but those who knew the Empress Dowager said she was quite capable of establishing a precedent. Now that she has openly returned to power, all petitions to the Emperor will be addressed to the Dowager Empress as well, and her name will precede his in the address. She will resume her official position, sign all decrees with the Emperor, and hold court receptions.

The Empress Dowager is a woman of about sixty-three years. She is not only intelligent, but it is said she is well educated. The strength of her character has kept the Manchus in power in China.

PARIS—PAUL DEROULEDE HARANGUING THE CROWD IN THE AVENUE WAGRAM, OCTOBER 2.

PARIS.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

October 10, 1898.

THE events of the last two weeks seem at last to have opened the eyes of the most optimistic of Frenchmen, and the general apathy hitherto prevailing among those not personally interested in the varying phases of the Dreyfus affair has given place to a feeling of genuine alarm—alarm for the stability of the present form of government; alarm for the success of the coming exposition, on which so many hopes have been built. *Où allons nous?* Whither are we drifting? is the question that occupies the mind of every serious and patriotic citizen; and it has just found an open expression in the petition, praying for relief, addressed to the ministry by a number of prominent business men.

PARIS—A MEETING OF STRIKERS AT THEIR HEADQUARTERS AT THE BOURSE DU TRAVAIL.

To-day's cartoon by Caran d'Ache in the *Figaro* presents the situation in a sombre enough light. The artist has labelled it, "Le tournant de l'histoire," which, freely translated, may mean "the turning-point in her history." The centre figure is the Republic, in female form, and she has just reached the twenty-eighth mile-stone at a bend in the highway. Beyond, various ominous figures confront her—first of all, a hydra-headed old hag whose flanks are weighted down with Dreyfus "dossiers"; behind, a striker in defiant attitude; then the two pretenders to the throne; Britannia in martial array, the word "Fashoda" on her shield; lastly, a horde of Egyptians and Dervishes. A gloomy prospect indeed for the wanderer!

Add to this the discouragement, and sullen resignation to what is deemed the inevitable, noticeable among certain leaders of thought. Every fresh misfortune, every new complication calculated to injure the country's welfare, is met with the cry of "decadence." The Latin race is slowly but surely deteriorating, say they. Edmond Desmoulins showed this over a year ago in his now famous book, *À quoi tient la supériorité de la race anglo-saxonne?*

Since then, according to them, enough has occurred to corroborate his theories. The defeat of Spain clearly presages the fall of her Latin sister. The Dreyfus affair, with the symptoms it has provoked, is but another step in the same direction.

These prophets of evil have their hearers and their believers, and therein lies the danger, for the French seem gradually to be losing confidence in themselves. The Fashoda incident, and the accompanying comments of the British Jingo press, have so far failed to awaken the interest of the masses. Had the circumstances occurred ten years ago, all France would have been up in arms to maintain what she honestly considered to be her rights. To-day she will doubtless surrender them, unless, indeed, as a few still believe—though very few—the government may, from sheer desperation, decide to follow Napoleon III.'s example and seek a way out of the present internal difficulties by accepting a foreign war.

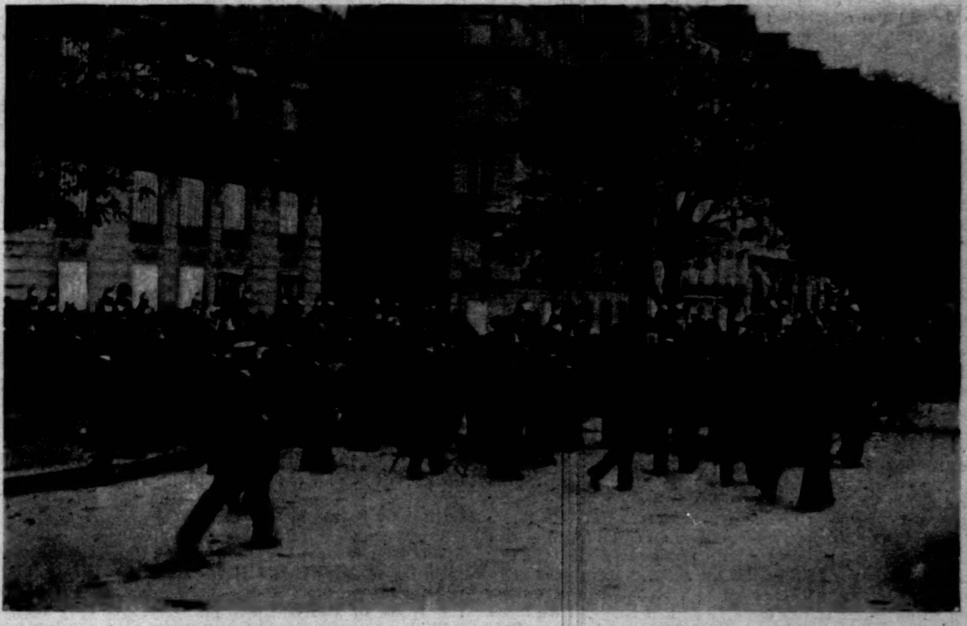
That these difficulties are increasing day by day it is easy enough to perceive. At the time of writing, Paris looks like a city in a state of siege. Bodies of infantry and cavalry patrol the streets or lurk in the enclosures surrounding the buildings in course of construction. Every fresh "extra" brings the news of further accessions to the ranks of the strikers. There is talk now of a general strike of all the trades throughout France, and it does not appear to be empty talk either.

Although there seems to be no direct connection between the Dreyfus agitation and the origin of the strike, it is certain that the feeling of unrest created by the former has borne fruit in the minds of the proletariat. Whole bodies of men who declare themselves satisfied with their wages have struck work—one might almost say, for the sake of making trouble. They have a vague undefined notion that the time is ripe for action, and that the cause of labor will benefit at this moment by aggressive measures on their part. Agents provocateurs, and irresponsible agitators, are having it all their own way among the unreasoning masses.

It is possible that the above conclusions may have been somewhat influenced by the writer's personal experiences and surroundings, for, thrown into the vortex by professional necessity, I naturally see the darker side of the situation. No one hopes more sincerely than myself that the picture is overdrawn, and that France may soon emerge from her present troubles and enter upon a new era of prosperity. But I repeat, the temper of the people is not of the best at the present moment. Bad blood is brewing all the time. I have been present at all the recent manifestations of "patriots," "Dreyfusards," strikers, and the rest of them, and it would not take much, in my opinion, to set the powder-train ablaze. The proceedings under way for revising the Dreyfus case have not altered the situation a whit, as witness the events of Sunday, October 2. For reasons far from clear, M. de Pressensé, one of the editors of the staid and sober *Temps*, provoked on that day a riot on the Avenue Wagram, in favor of the prisoner of l'Ile du Diable, which earned for him the strictures even of his own paper. The "Dreyfus" press has been going it "hot and heavy" ever since, and needless to add that the patriots have replied in the same strain. And thus it goes on all the time—bitter polemics in the newspaper press, daily incidents in the streets. And the end is not yet.

Two pictures I send you present views pertinent to the situation—the Bourse du Travail, hot-bed of the striking day-laborers on the East Side, and the Champs Élysées near the Arc de l'Étoile, favorite stamping-ground of the "Ligueurs" and anti-Semites on the West. They form an interesting contrast.

V. GRIBAYÉDOFF.



PARIS—MEMBERS OF THE "PATRIOTIC LEAGUE" CHEERING THE CUIRASSIERS ORDERED TO PARIS TO PROTECT PROPERTY FROM THE STRIKERS.

FRENCH ABSOLUTISM AND THE DREYFUS CASE.

THERE is much more in the Dreyfus affair than the question of the right and the wrong involved in the unfortunate captain's conviction. As the case stands between him and the government, it is clear not only that he has been convicted in secret, but that the evidence, which has finally been made public in answer to the clamorous demands of outraged Radicals and Jews, is worse than worthless. Some ardent supporters of the French system and of French practice say that the government has in its possession most convincing proof of the guilt of Captain Dreyfus, which it cannot make public without endangering the peace of Europe. In view of all that has happened in Europe during the last three or four years, it seems as though it is the chief end of its civilization to avoid war. This is not in accordance with the teachings that we receive on this side of the water from the politicians who fear that we shall become Chinese intellectually and morally if we do not fight often enough. Here we are told that there is something worse than war, and even the peacefully inclined among us are prone to believe that dishonor, turpitude, lying, swindling, and other vices, including those of oppression and injustice, are to be avoided even at the cost of the last resort of the barbarians from whom we sprang, and from whose political devices we have not yet been able wholly to escape. Be it remembered, too, that we are never in a condition of readiness for campaigning, although we may never be unready for a fight. We have no army organization, for example, even when we are engaged in war, although we are never without soldiers. Nevertheless, we are taught that it is our duty to go to war on the report that some of our neighbors are starving on account of an insurrection which they or their friends have brought on themselves; and we do go to war, and suffer keenly all of its horrors, in order to drive out of their own land the soldiers whose brutal resistance to the insurrection has brought distress and illness and death. I am stating the case a little rudely, and crudely too perhaps, but I am doing so merely to mark the contrast between American and European belligerence; probably one might truly say between American and European sentimentality. At any rate, it is clear that the bellipotent powers of civilization are not so nervously sensitive to honor as is the power which until recently has not thought it necessary to arm to the teeth for the sake of preserving the peace, and there is room for speculation here as to the influence of the military life upon the national morale. Take Esterhazy, for example, the "gentleman" who throws in his conscience when he sells his sword. But this kind of speculation is outside of the purpose of this paper, and I shall simply add that France is willing to appear, at least, to be controlled by some army chiefs among whom are officers who are ready to commit perjury and forgery in order that a scapegoat may suffer cruel punishment, and all this for the sake of avoiding war with—which is it, Germany or Russia? Perhaps there may be evidence of the guilt of Dreyfus of which the world at large knows nothing, and perhaps its revelation would plunge Europe into war, or at least dissolve the Franco-Russian alliance, but we fancy that on this side of the water the government that avoided war on such terms would have to go, and we naturally wonder what effect it is all to have on the interesting republican experiment which is being tried in France—a wonder that is changed to dreadful anticipation in view of the state of mind of the army and the people.

After all, the misdeeds of any particular government, especially if the misdeeds can be charged to the form of government, are likely to become crucial. If Dreyfus is innocent, his conviction and his punishment constitute one of the historical national crimes, and the question is as to the capacity of democracy for such crimes. Is it possible that under a self-governing people an innocent man can be condemned in secret, on false testimony, or on no testimony at all, and his punishment persisted in after it is known that his conviction rests on manufactured testimony? Such an injustice could not be committed in England or in the United States. It is practically impossible under the Anglo-Saxon system. But, although France is a self-governing community, in theory at least, it is demonstrated in the Dreyfus case, whether he be innocent or not, that a military tribunal is as absolute as was the Great Mogul, or as any savage chief who enjoys the power of life and death over his subjects. For, even if Dreyfus be guilty, it is now clear that an innocent man might be condemned in France on a bordereau such as that written by Esterhazy and on a letter such as that forged by Henry, these being the documents which the general staff and the Minister of War thought to be sufficient to defend the conviction and sentence. The only safeguard of the accused who is brought before a French military tribunal, and the main protection of one haled before a French administrative tribunal, is the integrity, the honor, of his judges. The wrath of the anti-Dreyfusites against Zola and the others who demand a retrial, or who go farther and insist on the innocence of the unhappy Alsacian, is aroused by the assault on the honor of the general staff which is involved. It is bad, of course, for a people like the French to lose faith in the integrity of their military chiefs, but it is a good deal worse for the chiefs to deserve the general condemnation; and if there is not to come a reform of the army, if the army and the Jesuits are to insist on the virtue of the former and on the control of the latter, there may be more than is now anticipated in the surrender of the right of primogeniture by Prince Victor Bonaparte in favor of Colonel Prince Louis Bonaparte, of the Russian army.

Whether or not the honor of the general staff is rightly suspected on account of the Dreyfus case, it is clear, as I have said, that a general staff that is not honorable may, under French law and practice, condemn any innocent man whom the officers wish to put out of the way. This is a characteristic of the French government, and such a government can never be regarded as a democratic government by an American or an Englishman. The Dreyfus case exists because such a case is entirely possible under the system of jurisprudence which governs France. There the private citizen does not stand on an equal footing with the official. The same laws do not govern the two, nor do the same courts of justice hear and determine controversies between private persons and between a citizen and an official. In our country and in England we boast that every man stands equal before the judges. The law that punishes the thief who steals punishes also the official who embezzles. The judge who sentences the brute who assaults his fellow must also mete out punishment to the officer who invades the rights of the citizen. In France there is one law for private citizens and one court for the trial of questions arising between them. This is the court of law. For the officials there is the administrative court; for, as Professor Lowell has shown in his *Government and Parties in Continental Europe*, the result of French development has been to strengthen the administrative branch of the government, while English development has made the judicial branch of the government the safeguard of personal liberty. Under our system law reigns, while under the French system, when there is a question between the individual and the government, discretion rules. In other words, the law is not permitted to interfere with the exigencies of the government, or with what the administrative courts think those exigencies may be. Therefore, in contemplating the attitude of the French people towards the Dreyfus case, it is not fair to judge them by our own standards. It is as difficult for Americans or Englishmen to assume a French mental attitude on such a question as this as it is for us to understand why the nations with the largest armies are willing to save themselves from the horrors of war at the cost of their honor or of their reputation for being just. It is fair, however, that we should bear in mind that Frenchmen have been taught to believe that the first duty of the military and administrative courts is to preserve the efficiency of the army and the administration. And it is familiar knowledge that in a general way, and notwithstanding the sad experience of 1870, this system has brought about the desired results, and that French military organization is admirable and French administration excellent. The rights of the individual, however, suffer, and the doing of justice is not an ideal in a government whose powers are bent towards absolute efficiency. Efficiency is primarily the attribute of a wise and benevolent despotism, and France is therefore a democracy with some of the attributes of absolutism. This puts the government of the moment higher than human liberty. And if an act of justice to an individual, whether the individual be Captain Dreyfus or an unfortunate citizen who has been run over by a Paris coachman, is likely to create distrust in the army or in the administrative branch of the government, the individual must go under. When one puts the case thus neatly, one must not forget that if it could be thus brought home to the French, especially to the Parisian mind, there would be danger of an outburst, and usually an outburst in Paris goes properly enough by the name of revolution; but it is probably very far removed from the French mind that anything is wrong with the French system. It is not the habit of the French to deal with political principles. They are likely to recognize the fact sooner or later that an individual act of injustice, or even of crime, has been committed, but it will be long before they see that they themselves made the crime possible by insisting that the discretion of military and administrative tribunals should be exercised for the protection of the army and the government even against just accusation. It was because these sacred institutions are to be maintained at all hazards that Zola's accusations against the courts martial were treated by the populace as a kind of treason. It will not be until the last moment that the French system of jurisprudence will be attacked. The French people attack individuals and groups, they turn kings and emperors off their thrones, they upset governments, but they never think of reforming the system on which rest the relative rights of the government and the governed.

There is as much absolutism in France in the administration of the criminal and administrative law as there has been shown to be in the military tribunals which have convicted Dreyfus, exonerated Esterhazy, and punished Picquart. The weakness of the French political mind is that it is under the control of domineering logic. It has come to a sentimental recognition of the right of the people to govern themselves; but when Louis XIV. said, "L'état, c'est moi!" he laid down the hypothesis on which his republican successors are still reasoning. The state would be really now the people if France were a true republic; that is, the people would have the ultimate power, and the government which they have set up would exist for their benefit. Louis XIV. really was both the state and the government, and the French people have never been able to separate the two. Therefore now, as two hundred years ago, the government is the state, and is sacred. It must be maintained at all hazards, even at the cost of injustice, even at the serious cost of personal liberty. How many Englishmen or Americans know of the true relations between the French citizen and the *gendarme* or the *sergent de ville*? How many of our travelling pleasure-seekers, sojourning for a gala-day in Paris, realize that an enemy or a policeman, especially sensitive to what our own guardians call "back talk," might easily divert their visit from one of gayety to one of penalty? An arrest is an easy matter. It is easy here and in London, but practically it is not so common an indulgence of the Anglo-Saxon as of the French police. But once the accused is behind the cell door the matter takes on a different aspect in France from that to which we are accustomed, thanks to the blessings of the Great Charter. There is no reason known to the French law for informing the accused of the nature of the charge which has led to his incarceration. All that is necessary to keep him in prison for an indefinite time is an understanding between the policeman and the magistrate—the *juge d'instruction*. It is for this embodiment of French law and French justice to discover some reason for depriving the victim of his liberty, and in the mean time the victim must remain in ignorance. He is not to know the charge that is made against him; but from time to time he is haled before the *juge d'instruction* and examined as to his life, his secret thoughts, his relations to society—in short, he is probed for hidden crime, or for evidence of the truth of the charge which some policeman may have lodged against him. There is a wonderful picture of this terrible person—the *juge d'instruction*—written by Balzac in *Splendeurs et Misères de Courtisanes*, and one can learn of the dreadful character and power of this official from the scene in which Camusot the magistrate interpolates Carlos Herrera and Lucien de Rubempré for the purpose of discovering Jacques Collin under the frock of the Spanish priest. It is only recently, within a comparatively few months, that the legislative branch of the French Republic, after a discussion that endured for about twenty years, enacted a law providing that an accused may have counsel when he appears before the *juge d'instruction*. But in Balzac's time, and under every French government which has pretended to administer law at all, the accused has been obliged to appear alone before this awful mystic power—the man whose usefulness to the state consists in his power to worry and torture, to worm out secrets, to frighten timid people into hysterical and often untrue confession; in a word, to convict, and to convict whether justice or injustice be served thereby. The accused is kept in close confinement. His house is searched. His desk is broken open. His private papers are carried to the magistrate, to whom the post-office authorities also deliver his mail. If he were an American or an Englishman in his own land, he would be before the open courts, as soon as he applied, on a writ of *habeas corpus*, and the government would be compelled to state the charge against him. In France he is in the power of a practically irresponsible despot. This is the criminal law of France, which is not administered by the administrative courts, but which not only bears a strong—a family—resemblance to the law as practised before the political tribunals, but is intimately connected with it; for if the officials who pursue the private citizen are governed by malice or by personal enmity, or by a desire to put away temporarily a dangerous or troublesome political opponent, there is no punishment awaiting them for false imprisonment. Often, it is true, justice is done—more often than otherwise; but the great danger of any human institution lies in its possibilities; and to illustrate the possibilities of French criminal law, one of our recent ministers to France told me of a case which came under his official observation. The victim was a young American student at Paris, who, with some equally guilty comrades, indulged one night in unfriendly conversation with a *sergent de ville* of the Latin Quarter. The youth, who lived on an allowance made him by his father, was thrown into jail. The American minister was appealed to. He made strong representations to the Minister for the Interior—the head of the police of France. He received no reply. Weeks passed, and the unhappy youth was kept in concealment. Finally a member of the American legation happened to pass the Palais de Justice one day as this enemy of France was about to start for the frontier. He had been found guilty, and he was to be banished from France. There was, of course, an appeal to the Secretary for Foreign Affairs and a rescue, but an examination of the *dossier* showed that he had been charged with being a German and a vagabond.

This sort of thing is possible in France just as well as the Dreyfus case, and yet it is found to be impossible to induce Frenchmen to discuss their system as a proper object of reform. They are eager to overthrow governments and individuals, but not their ancient system, which serves them just as well under President Faure as it served their ancestors under Louis XIV. or Louis Philippe or Napoleon III. I remember to have heard a clever American tell of his effort to interest Henri Rochefort in the writ of *habeas corpus*, of which this furious socialist had never heard, despite his six years' residence in London. The effort was wasted. Rochefort was too busy at conspueing some one to listen to a discussion or an explanation of fundamental principles.

The theory of administrative law is carried out logically, so that the judges are kept under the power of the politicians. The administrative judges are appointed by the civil authorities and are removable by the President. They are consequently the creatures of the politicians; and, our own Mr. Croker would, unconsciously perhaps, extend this feature of the French system to our regular courts of justice by making all judges amenable to Tammany Hall. The illustration serves to indicate the character of French administrative courts. It is held, for example, that if the political power illegally suppresses a newspaper in a moment of excitement, the court will not give the outraged proprietors any redress. In general the principle is that the administrative court will not interfere with political acts. Twenty years ago the French government decreed the suspension of monasteries. The injured orders appealed to the ordinary courts of law. The government raised the question of jurisdiction—a question that must go to the Tribunal of Conflicts. This tribunal is composed of the Minister of Justice, three members of the Court of Cassation, and three members of the Council of State, which is the highest administrative court, and two other persons chosen by these seven. In other words, the political power controls. This tribunal decided that the ordinary courts did not have jurisdiction of these questions, and the monasteries were so well assured of the impossibility of securing from the administrative courts a judgment against the government that they did not appeal to them. A very pretty case is often cited by those who think well of the French system, to show that the administrative courts can do justice against the government. Two or three years ago the Council of State rendered a judgment against the government in a case involving the interpretation of a statute which related to a state guarantee of interest on the securities of certain railroads. This decision, adverse to the interests of the government, so outraged the Chamber of Deputies, however, that they drove the government out of power for submitting the question to the Council of State, so firmly has it become the fixed idea of the French mind that the government of the moment is the state, and that the state is to be maintained at all hazards, active opposition to the government being, of course, treason.

In this Dreyfus case the army is the government, and it has done what was within its power and within its discretion. Supposing, however, that the committee of the Court of Cassation, to which the question is referred, grants a revision, what will happen? According to French political and legal logic, M. Brisson the Premier and his cabinet, together with these judges of the highest court in France, in desiring revision, will have rebelled against that part of the French government which has full jurisdiction of military affairs, and therefore of this case. It will be a revolt against the principal and most admired feature of the present French government. The question may come whether, to sustain the army, France will overthrow the civil power of the republic and restore a rule more essentially or naturally military. The solution of this problem is what we shall wait to see. At any rate, and whatever happens, there is likely to be no immediate change in French absolutism, whether an emperor or a president presides over its administration.

H. L. N.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE

"BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

A Veritable Antidote."

Dr. Alfred L. Loomis, *Professor of Pathology and Practical Medicine in the Medical Department of the University of New York,* wrote: "For the past four years I have used BUFFALO LITHIA WATER in the treatment of **Chronic Bright's Disease of the Kidneys,** occurring in **Gouty and Rheumatic subjects, with marked benefit.**"

Dr. Wm. H. Drummond, *Professor of Medical Jurisprudence, Bishop's University, Montreal, Canada:* **"In the Acute and Chronic Nephritis (Bright's Disease of the Kidneys) of Gouty and Rheumatic Origin, as well as in the graver Albuminuria of Pregnancy, I have found** BUFFALO LITHIA WATER **to act as a veritable antidote, and I know of no other natural agent possessing this important quality."**

Dr. Graeme M. Hammond, *of New York, Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System in the New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital:* "In all cases of **Bright's Disease of the Kidneys,** I have found BUFFALO LITHIA WATER **of the greatest service in increasing the quantity of urine and in eliminating the albumin."**

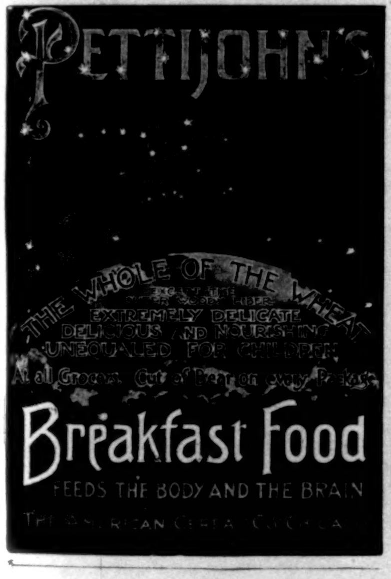
Geo. Halsted Boyland, A.M., M.D., *of Paris, Doctor of Medicine of the Faculty of Paris, says:* "There is no remedy so absolutely specific in all forms of **Albuminuria** and **Bright's Disease,** whether acute or chronic, as BUFFALO LITHIA WATER, Spring No. 2, accompanied by a milk diet. In all cases of **Pregnancy** where **albumin** is found in the urine as late as the last week before confinement, if this Water and a milk diet are prescribed the **albumin** disappears rapidly from the urine and the patient has a **positive guarantee against Puerperal Convulsions.** Used as a substitute for ordinary water during the period of **Gestation,** it will be found invaluable as a **preventive** of **Puerperal Convulsions** and other **disturbances** incident to this condition."

Dr. Cyrus Edson, *Health Officer of New York City:* **"I have prescribed** BUFFALO LITHIA WATER **with great benefit in Bright's Disease of the Kidneys."**

Dr. Harvey L. Byrd, *of Baltimore, President and Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children in the Baltimore Medical College:* **"It has an ascertained value in Bright's Disease.** A knowledge of its action in that disease thus far would seem to warrant the belief that it would in many instances, at least in early stages, arrest it entirely, and in its more advanced stage prove a decided comfort and palliative."

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER is sold by Druggists and Grocers generally. It is an undoubted, positive remedy for many of the most serious and most common ills that afflict mankind. An illustrated book can be procured on request, containing the testimony of the most famous physicians of this country and Europe as to the wonderful power of BUFFALO LITHIA WATER in **Gout, Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Gravel, Indigestion, Nervous Dyspepsia, Nervous Exhaustion, Malaria, Alcoholism, Eczema and Blood Disorders, Diseases of Women, etc.** Send for the book and judge for yourself. Address

PROPRIETOR, BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.


PETTIJOHN'S
THE WHOLE OF THE WHEAT
EXCEPT THE OUTER WOODY FIBER
EXTREMELY DELICATE
DELICIOUS AND NOURISHING
UNEQUALED FOR CHILDREN
At all Grocers. Cut of Bear on every Package
Breakfast Food
FEEDS THE BODY AND THE BRAIN
THE AMERICAN CEREAL CO. CHICAGO

There *is* *no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak.*

Holidays are Kodak Days

Catalogues free at the dealers or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

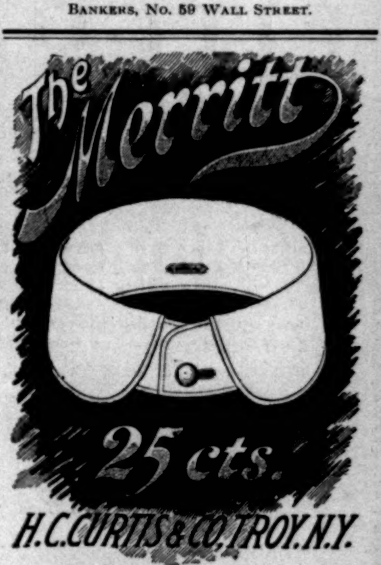
THE HAIR 27th Ed., 25c. (or stamps). Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy. By Prof. HARLEY PARKER. A. N. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Phila., Pa.
"Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*

Financial

Letters of Credit.

Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and South Africa. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made.

Brown Brothers & Co.,
Bankers, No. 59 Wall Street.


The Merritt
25 cts.
H.C.CURTIS & CO. TROY. N.Y.

MAGIC LANTERNS WANTED AND FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE. HARBACH & CO. 809 Filbert St. Phila. Pa.

Tonical and Restorative.

HUNTER

HUNTER
BALTIMORE RYE
WM. LANAHAN & SON
BALTIMORE

Baltimore Rye.

RICH, PURE FLAVOR.

GETTYSBURG, LURAY, WASHINGTON.

Personally-Conducted Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.

Over the battlefield of Gettysburg, through the picturesque Blue Mountains, *via* Hagerstown and Antietam, and down the beautiful and historic Shenandoah Valley to the unique Caverns of Luray; thence across the rolling hills of Northern Virginia to Washington, is the route of this tour—a section of the country intensely interesting from both an historic and a scenic standpoint.

The tour will leave New York 8.20 A. M., and Philadelphia 12.20 P. M., Tuesday, November 1, in charge of one of the company's tourists' agents, and will cover a period of five days. An experienced chaperon, whose especial charge will be unescorted ladies, will accompany the trip throughout. Round-trip tickets, covering all necessary expenses during the entire time absent, will be sold at the *extremely low rate* of $25 from New York, $24 from Trenton, $22 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points.

For itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents, Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 789 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

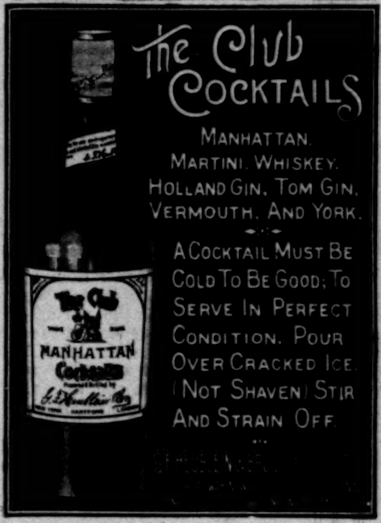
Blakemore Whiskey 7 years Old.

NOTHING BETTER MADE OR SOLD.

Matured in wood and bottled in bond under Governmental Supervision.

If your dealer hasn't it, send us TWELVE DOLLARS, and we will have sent to your address by express prepaid a sample case containing TWELVE BOTTLES.

Freiberg & Workum,
Cincinnati, O.



The Club Cocktails

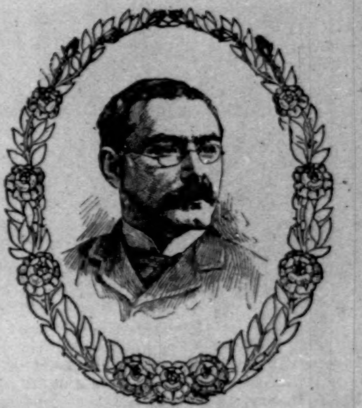
MANHATTAN, MARTINI, WHISKEY, HOLLAND GIN, TOM GIN, VERMOUTH, AND YORK.

A Cocktail Must Be Cold To Be Good; To Serve In Perfect Condition, Pour Over Cracked Ice (Not Shaven) Stir And Strain Off.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS

MAGAZINE, $4 00 a year.	BAZAR, - - - $4 00 a year
WEEKLY, $4 00 a year.	LITERATURE, $4 00 a year

ROUND TABLE, $1 00 a year.



THERE are four issues of The Companion every month, and each issue is a volume in extent and variety, the welcome friend of young and old in thousands of homes. The exceptional character of the contents of

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

from week to week and from year to year, is indicated by the names of some of the eminent men and women who will contribute to early numbers.

For November 3d,
Frank R. Stockton has a clever humorous sketch entitled, "SOME OF MY DOGS."

For November 10th,
Rudyard Kipling's story of humble heroism, "THE BURNING OF THE 'SARAH SANDS.'"

For November 17th,
Lord Dufferin describes a pleasure excursion in the Baltic during the Crimean War.

For November 24th,
Mary E. Wilkins has a story entitled "A NEW ENGLAND GIRL SEVENTY YEARS AGO."

For December 1st,
Wm. D. Howells has written a story for fruit-loving boys, "THE WATERMELON PATCH."

MME. LILLIAN NORDICA, HON. THOMAS B. REED, I. ZANGWILL and THE MARQUIS OF LORNE will contribute delightful articles and stories for December issues.

All FREE to New Subscribers.

50-Cent Calendar FREE

NEW SUBSCRIBERS who will cut out this slip and send it with name and address and $1.75 will receive:

FREE—Every weekly issue of The Companion from the time subscription is received till January 1, 1899.

FREE—Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Double Numbers.

FREE—The exquisite Companion Calendar for 1899, lithographed in 12 colors. The finest Calendar of the century.

AND THE COMPANION 52 weeks, a full year, to January 1, 1900. I178

Sample Copies and Prospectus FREE.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston.

Harper's Catalogue

Descriptive list of their publications, with *portraits of authors,* will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of ten cents.

Strong Evidence.

Its pleasing to note the large and constantly increasing patronage of the **Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry.** It is strong evidence that efforts to please the public by providing the best of everything in travel are appreciated. Come and ride with us. We have the finest service and the easiest riding road in the whole world.

Our "Book of Trains" (sent free) will tell you all about the great through trains between Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, New York and Boston. No change of cars.

A. J. SMITH,
G. P. & T. A., Cleveland, O.